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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| MISS COX'S INTRODUCTION TO FOLK-LORE, by ANDREW LANG | 559 |
| CHAMBERS'S ENGLISH PASTORALS, by LIONEL JOHNSON | 560 |
| TOM HUGHES'S VACATION RAMBLES, by G. NEWCOMEN | 561 |
| INDERWICK'S THE KING'S PEACE, by R. W. LEE | 562 |
| THE GREAT AFRICAN CHIEFS, by J. STANLEY LITTLE | 563 |
| NEW NOVELS, by J. B. ALLEN | 563 |
| GIFT BOOKS | 564 |
| NOTES AND NEWS | 565 |
| THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES | 566 |
| ORIGINAL VERSE: "NEW YEAR WISHES," by F. | 566 |
| OBITUARY: R. H. BUDDEN, by the Countess EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO | 567 |
| MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS | 567 |
| THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY | 567 |
| CORRESPONDENCE— The Western Boundary of British Guiana, by J. S. Cotton; A Misplaced Letter of Horace Walpole, by Mrs. Paget Toynbee; Job and Jeremiah, by G. H. Skipwith; Faust Translations, by R. McLintock; A Sentence in Milton's Prose, by A. C. Hillier | 567 |
| APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK | 569 |
| SCHUCHARDT ON GEORGIAN | 569 |
| CORRESPONDENCE— "The Martyrology of Georgian," by WHITLEY STOKES | 569 |
| REPORTS OF SOCIETIES | 569 |
| MEDIAEVAL ICONOGRAPHY FROM THE PSALMS, by CAMP- BELL DODGSON | 570 |
| NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY | 571 |
| MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS | 571 |

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LITERATURE.

An Introduction to Folk-Lore. By Marian Roalfe Cox. (David Nutt.)

FOLK-LORE should be a democratic kind of study; for the materials in Europe are mainly found among "the people," and may be collected by any person of intelligence. Recently a lady provided me with a fragment of the ballad of "The Queen's Marie," as sung by an old nurse; and, after all that Mr. Child has done, the fragment had some fresh features of interest. In the Highlands the gillies and boatmen even now have good unpublished tales, legends, and stories of fairies and of second sight. Differing from other folk-lore, I rather prefer, on the whole, to get fairies and second sight at first hand, from eye-witnesses. In Ireland fresh materials are probably still more plentiful; and even in England, when the oldest aunt is telling the saddest tale, it is worth while to listen. Lincolnshire, judging by Miss Balfour's and Miss Peacock's results, is a particularly good county for folk-lore; and Devonshire is still delightfully rich in pixies. If Miss Cox's very readable *Introduction to Folk-Lore* reaches the public, and stimulates collectors, it will have done its duty. Miss Cox is known as the author of the best single study of one popular tale, her erudite collection of variants on the theme of "Cinderella." In her *Introduction* she is too wise to frighten the timid by a display of learning: she gives facts and theories without references to original sources.

As to Miss Cox's theories, I cannot well criticise some of them, which are, more or less, "my own invention." The savage origin of the savage element in civilised mythologies, the light thrown on popular tales by savage and barbaric belief and custom, are among these points. The ideas are lucidly and persuasively stated by Miss Cox, and on the point of the diffusion of tales and myth she does not dogmatise. As to Animism, as to the origin of the conception of spiritual beings, she follows Mr. Tylor and Mr. Spencer, which shows some genius for eclecticism. As to the question whether the belief in spiritual beings may not be due, in part, to "psychical" phenomena—for example, to "veridical hallucinations," or, in vulgar terminology, to "ghosts"—Miss Cox "leaves it wholly aside." Indeed, if the theme can be treated at all (it is touched on by Mr. Tylor), it requires original research. For example, Mr. Tylor gives two or three cases of "death-wraiths" among the New Zealanders, and I have observed other instances in various savage quarters. Some

were "collective" cases, several people seeing "the wraith" at the same time. The curious point is that the Maoris, exactly like superstitious persons in Europe, inferred that their friend who owned the wraith was dead, as he really was. Now, why did they draw this inference? On Mr. Tylor's theory of savage ideas, they should have inferred that the spirit was taking a stroll apart from the body, because its owner was asleep or in a trance; for sleep is a daily affair, whereas death comes to each man but once. In one Maori case the living man was perfectly well, at a distance, but his wife married again. He admitted that he had no ground for complaint, so that, even if his wife fabled, he demonstrated the nature of Maori belief. It is an erroneous belief: hallucinations of the living being far more numerous than hallucinations of the dying. But the belief seems to indicate that coincidences between death and hallucinations of friends at a distance have been observed by savages as by the civilised. Of course, the odds against casual coincidence, in a large number of examples, are long. On another point (p. 25) Miss Cox says (alas! as usual, without reference to her source) that Lobengula "gazed into a dark pool before starting on the war-path." She then touches on the Egyptian drop of ink, the Maori drop of blood, and "the crystal ball which serves the modern spiritualist." All this Miss Cox calls "divination," and leaves it there. But there is divination and divination. Most kinds are mere fanciful interpretations of "signs": as of "a stranger in the tea," or of streaks on a blade-bone of a sheep, the flight of birds, and so forth. Divination by gazing into a clear deep, a pool, a glass full of water, a glass ball, a sapphire or other stone or crystal cut *en cabochon*, a drop of ink, and so on, depends on the hallucinatory visions which swim up in the deep. These, I have not a shadow of doubt, do occur to a percentage of sane and honourable people, entirely averse to "spiritualism." Spirits have nothing to do with the matter, which is a mere fact in psychology, a wideawake dream, capable of being provoked (in some people, as George Sand) by staring at a clear deep or a polished surface. The savage examples are numerous. Mr. Sidney Hartland collects some in his recent second volume of the Perseus myth. Mr. George Black gives others in his essay on Scottish Amulets. I have brought together a few myself, in *Cock Lane and Common Sense*; and "Miss X." has written the best essay extant on the theme in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research. Divination, then, is the belief that these visions can be interpreted of the future and of the distant. A powerful weight of evidence would be needed to make this old opinion worth discussing. My point is only that the hallucinations do occur to a small percentage of sensible people, and that the savage discovery of their occurrence is the origin of the practice of crystal-gazing in all its world-wide forms.

Under Magic, Miss Cox entirely omits (unless I read her carelessly) the undeniable part played by hypnotism. It has a name

to itself in Eskimo, "The Sleep of the Shadow," and may be traced plainly enough in the old witch trials. The victims were usually the sort of patients whom the physicians of the Salpêtrière study. Miss Cox derides the hypnotist who thinks that scratching a photo-negative of a patient pains and marks the body of the patient himself. It will not do so, of course, unless the patient knows what to expect; if he does know, he may as readily feel pain (when pain is suggested) as take water for wine, and even the mark may be produced, I fancy, if the hypnotic theory of the *stigmata* of St. Francis and others is correct. But this I leave to physicians. In any case, magic among savages rests greatly on the hysterical constitution—the medicine-man is "a soft-headed one"—and on the induction of trance, or a somnambulant condition, as well as on Miss Cox's facts, "sympathy," and a theory of demons. On the latter point, Dr. Nevius's recent *Daemonic Possession in China* deserves (but does not receive) the attention of the folk-lore: of course I do not mean as regards its theory. Mr. Tylor has elucidated the physiological condition of the medicine-man; and, in the midst of their frauds, similar hysterical and somnambulant conditions have marked certain modern "mediums." The concurrence of analogous conditions in the victims explains a great deal of sorcery.

As to "ghosts," "the *noli me tangere* attitude" is far from being universal with them. There is no reason why it should be; for, the visual ghost being an ocular hallucination, any other sense may be equally affected. One is amazed to find Miss Cox arguing about the *clothes* of ghosts (pp. 59, 60); of course there may as easily be hallucinations of clothes as of persons. But, as a camera cannot be hallucinated, spiritualists are sadly put to it to account for the clothes in "spiritual photographs." But spiritualists, to whom Miss Cox's remark does apply, are not daunted even by ghosts of clothes. "The spirits materialise them."

Two or three little points seem dubious. Miss Cox (p. 38) says that, in mental capacity, the savage is nearer to the anthropoid ape than he is to civilised man. Neither the mind nor the brain, say of an Australian black, is nearer to the ape's than it is to Mr. Darwin's. "The savage cannot say, 'I dreamt that I saw.'" One would like chapter and verse for this statement; I do not dispute it, but I want authorities. Fetichism (p. 172) has certainly other sources than Animism, though that is a source among others.

These are minute objections, and to introduce some of the matter on which I have touched would have been confusing, perhaps, to the beginner. Miss Cox's book is agreeably written, and illustrated with quotations from the poets. She may lead inquirers into the paths of Mr. Frazer and Mr. Tylor. A chapter on Popular Poetry might be added in a new edition: indeed, the whole relations (chiefly maternal) of folk-poetry and folk-art and folk-romance to the more developed literary forms might engage Miss Cox's attention. The subject is enticing,

and is rather neglected by folk-lorists, while literary critics often show no acquaintance with the matter.

ANDREW LANG.

English Pastorals. Selected, and with an Introduction, by Edmund K. Chambers. (Blackie.)

MR. CHAMBERS has not had a task so simple as, at first sight, it seems, in the compilation of this pastoral anthology. "Pastoral," as his excellent Introduction shows well, means so many things. It has been employed for purposes of the loftiest and the lightest poetry; it embraces love, politics, satire, elegy, praises of nature and of country life, even devotional and polemical divinity. Herrick and Pope! Milton and Gay! Christopher Marlowe and Allan Ramsay! No one definition can cover these, yet they are rightly included in this collection of English Pastorals. In great measure the question is simplified by the traditions of machinery and form. Where we have country-folk, be they shepherds or what you please, holding alternate discourse about their loves, whether as rival singers or no, there we have an acknowledged type of the pastoral; and again, where a disconsolate lover sighs alone amid his flock, or appeals to his mistress, or celebrates her surrender, or dirges a friend, there we get true pastoral. Theocritean and Virgilian types, or those of Moschus and Bion, are fixed and formal. But it is not easy to say how far any given poem of country life can be called pastoral: are we to admit the "Piscatory Eclogues" of Sannazzaro among pastorals? Or, going further, are the *Cynegetica* of Nemesianus and the "Chace" of Somerville pastoral poems? They are didactic, epic, yet rural in theme. Obviously, it were absurd to call them pastorals: but then it is surely hard to say why Sedley's "Phillis is my only joy," included by Mr. Chambers, should be reckoned a pastoral, the one "pastoral" touch being the name Phillis. The "Chace" is lengthy, but at least rural: "Phillis" is a brief lyric, with nothing rural about it. Or again, here are Marvell's wonderful lines of the "Mower to the Glowworms": is it a pastoral merely because it is a country love-song? Practically, Mr. Chambers is justified. In addition to the varieties of formal pastoral, he admits poems of comparative brevity, which deal with country life, preferably upon the amorous side; and poems which deal with love in something of a country spirit, so that we are at least reminded of the strict pastoral tradition. The name Phillis does strike the note of pastoral: Sedley is half-way between the pastoral of Queen Elizabeth and the pastoral of Queen Anne. The pastoral poet proper is he who

"Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely pastoral."

Apart from the high elegiac pastoral, most poems of the true pastoral complexion have a certain innocent joyousness and simple luxury, the Arcadian temper; and often joined with it a seemingly reverence and spirit

of religion. "Golden," and "holy," and "homely" are apt terms, and most of the pieces in this volume are somewhat of this sort, composing a rare anthology of delights: poetry of the sunlight and the meadows, of flowers and silver streams, such as Burton and Walton loved.

There is hardly a poem which we could wish away, but some few which might perhaps have been included. Cotton, that frequently charming poet, despite the praises of Wordsworth and Coleridge, has not won due esteem: he is in part obscured by the sweeter fame of his "father Izaak," and in part by the infamy of his foul burlesques upon Lucian and Virgil. But his "Invitation to Phillis" deserves a place here. Cowley's magnificent "Garden Ode" is of unmanageable length; but surely two or three of Blake's "Songs of Innocence" could have been given. They would relieve choicely the artificial pastoral of the last century. And, since we have Fletcher's "Hymn to Pan," we might well look to find that "pretty piece of paganism," as Wordsworth called it, the "Hymn to Pan" of Keats, a thing of rare pastoral beauty in the first order. Considerations of space deny room, may be, to Arnold's "Thyrsis," else the comparison with "Lycidas" had been of singular interest for students of pastoral evolution. We somewhat miss Burns. "Thee, Theocritus, wha matches?" he inquired; and answered his own question, not with Virgil, Spenser, Pope, but with Allan Ramsay. His own name is our answer now. And, since Clare and Darley are mild and unambitious names for a conclusion, one might prefer to return at the end of all to memories of Greece, and to catch echoes of the *Sicelides Musae* in the "Hellenics" of Landor. To give but one more suggestion, is not the "Fair Fidele" of Collins, that lovely lyric, fully as pastoral as Shenstone's pleasant "Hope"? And there is a pretty air of rusticity in Tom Warton. But every anthology is liable to such criticism, which intends not a shadow of censure. Mr. Chambers has spared no pains upon his selection of worthy pieces for examples of the "Doric lay." In a day when M. Zola gives us *La Terre* and Mr. Hardy *Jude the Obscure*, an Arcadian volume of pure poetry is refreshing, utopian though it be. Musing over these melodious lyrics, one falls, with Theocritus, to "watching the visionary flocks," and, with Lamb, to feeling "sorry the old pastoral way has fallen into disrepute." We almost feel that we would like to have lived in times when, as Dr. Johnson has it, "all nations of Europe filled books with 'Thyrsis and Damon' and 'Thestylis and Phyllis.'" And, indeed, in the hands of such perfectly sincere poets as Barthes the old pastoral charm survives, not as any quaint and pretty trick of writing, but as a natural and genuine thing. Mr. Chambers has chosen the most fresh and radiant of the older pastorals, avoiding the pastoral of allegory and personification, such as was wont to reach its wildest heights upon the deaths of important and most unpastoral persons. Witness that saintly Platonist, Norris of Bemerton, whom the death of Charles II. and the accession of

James II. seduced into "A Pastoral," in which Menalcas asks:

"But who shall now the royal Sheep-crook hold,
Who patronise the Fields, who now secure the Fold?"

And Daphnis comforts him with this exquisite prophecy of "the second James":

"Discharge that Care, the royal Stock does yield
Another Pan to patronize the Field.
An Heir of equal Conduct does the Scepter sway,
One who, long nurtured in the Pastoral Way,
In Peace will govern the Arcadian Plains,
Defend the tender Flocks, and cheer the drooping Swains."

We are spared everything of this sort by Mr. Chambers, and presented rather with the spoils of Elizabethan song-books and masques and plays, from which his special studies have helped his good taste and instinct to make an admirable selection. His materials were immensely rich and plenteous, and his discretion has been excellent. Not the least valuable aspect of the volume is its assemblage of so many poems of nature, as the Elizabethans and Jacobean felt it. Quite apart from the dramatic necessity or convention, which often dictated the tone and detail of such poems, there is an obvious delight in certain natural scenes, and an ignorance or dislike of others, which is familiar to us, but very forcibly brought before us in these pages. These poets loved the humanity of a landscape, its associations with daily work and play: the "hortulane pleasure," the hayfield and the orchard, flowers good for making coronals and posies: it is all homely and neighbourly and trim. Between Marlowe's

"And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,"

and Emily Brontë's

"I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the gray flocks in fenny glens are feeding;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side,"

there is a whole world of change in passion and emotion; and both are perfect. But the later is more easily felt or counterfeited than the earlier. There have not been written twenty lyrics in this century which have caught the right Elizabethan emotion and the right Elizabethan music: that seeming simplicity which baffles all analysis, and is felt at its highest in such various men as Campion, Herrick, Marvell, or in the Shakspeare of the lyrics and the Milton of the minor poems, and which is not wholly lost in Dryden's songs. But it is as lost in our poetry as the poems of Sappho are lost; and even our experiments in classical form and theme are more like what they imitate than any attempt of ours to work in the spirit and fashion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In Mr. Chambers's book we get not the high tragic or epic splendours, but the lyric loveliness and brightness of that age. These pastoral poems are in the true traditional temper of English verse, as Chaucer first greatly presents it; and they have also the graces of the New Learning, its pleasant pedantry and classic airs, in exquisite control; and, reading them, we see the dancers moving

in courtly or country mode to that ancient English music which so largely inspired the ancient English verse. But, as Drayton says in the preface to his *Pastorals*, "The Tabor striking up, if thou hast in thee any Country-Quicksilver, thou hadst rather be at the sport than heare thereof. Farewell."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

Vacation Rambles. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. ("Vacuus Viator"). (Macmillans.)

THERE are not many books of which it can be said, with all but absolute certainty: "There is not an educated man in the three kingdoms who has not read it." But this may be unhesitatingly predicated of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. The ethics of that admirable volume have had more to do with what is most characteristic in the characters of many "nice, clean, wholesome Englishmen," as Trilby would call them, than all the moral philosophy they learned at college.

It is very gratifying to see our dear old friend—past, as he himself tells us, the Psalmist's days of our age—still treading the pleasant paths which he entered upon more than thirty years ago. An Evelyn of the nineteenth century, this keen-witted globe-trotter has visited many lands, and, unlike certain travellers occasionally to be met with, has something fresh and interesting to say of every one of them. Not content with exploring the continents of Europe and of America, our hardy voyager has visited the very *ultima Thule* of all modern travelling, by paying a flying visit to a certain strange island. And although he did find it—as report had led him to suspect—somewhat contiguous to the melancholy ocean, he did not discover that undercurrent of subdued melancholy which is somehow supposed to underlie all the light-heartedness of its people; but, on the contrary, he came to the conclusion that their gaiety was genuine and their "devil-may-careishness" unassumed, and that they were not "careful and troubled about many things"—not even about "Home Rule."

During his brief visit to Ireland, Mr. Hughes may or may not have noticed the deplorable feelings of religious intolerance which are too often exhibited by both the two great sections of the Christian religion. On the one hand, Protestant street preachers are stoned by the Catholic population in certain southern towns; while, on the other hand, many Protestants firmly believe the Catholics to be mere idolaters, and spend large sums of money in attempting their conversion. The latter are really the more unreasonable of the two, because the poor ignorant stone-throwing Paddy knows no better, whereas educated persons ought to know that there is more than one way of improving evil men.

Mr. Hughes shows a fine Christian toleration for a religion other than his own, when he—a sound Protestant—says of the Catholic Tyrol:

"I shall never find a country in which it will do one more good to travel."

"There may be some danger of superstition in this setting up of crucifixes and sacred prints

by the wayside and on stable doors; but, on the other hand, the Figure on the cross, meeting one at every corner, is not unlikely, I should think, to keep a poor man from the commonest vices to which he is tempted in his daily life, if it does no more. He would scarcely like to stagger by it drunk from the nearest pot-house. If stable boys are to have woodcuts on their doors, one of the Crucifixion or of the *Mater Dolorosa* is likely to do them more good than the winner of the Derby or Tom Sayers."

Such reflections, and many others scattered here and there through the book, have an air of manly earnestness about them which reminds one forcibly of Tom Brown at his best.

The origin of Turkish unfitness for progressive civilisation is admirably summed up in the following paragraph:

"The harem is the place of education for Turkish boys of the upper classes. And how can it be helped? The boys must be with the women for the first years of their life, and the women must be in the harems. . . . The women are not even allowed to attend mosque—one can hardly be startled by anything which one may be told of them; and it is impossible to conceive a more utterly enervating and demoralising place for a boy to be brought up in. . . . There is no healthy home life. The harem is the place of education, and, with very rare exception, the boys come out of its atmosphere utterly unfitted for any useful active life."

It seems a pity that this writer, who can speak with authority upon matters of education, should have contented himself with mere passing references to this most important subject. A special study of how a young Turk is educated into apathy and sensuality might have been as productive of reform as *Tom Brown's Schooldays* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Who knows but that a crusade of muscular Christians advocating a system of compulsory education in State boarding schools, where special attention should be directed to cold baths, gymnastics, and athletics, might not do more good than many missionaries who proceed upon more orthodox lines.

In these times, when the Eastern Question has again obtruded itself upon the political horizon, it is most interesting to read the opinions of "Vacuus Viator" upon the subject in 1862. From all he can learn by his own observation, or through the opinions of others, he comes to the conclusion that the Turks are not the worst people to be met with in their own country; on the contrary, he finds that even those who abuse them prefer them to Greeks or Armenians, or any other of their subject peoples.

"So, on the whole, notwithstanding their idleness, their hatred of novelties, and love of backsheesh, their false worship and bigotry, and the evils which this false worship brings in its train, I must say that the immense preponderance of oral evidence is in their favour, as decidedly the most upright and respectable of the races who inhabit Turkey in Europe."

Perhaps while these very lines are being written the last chapter in the history of the Turkish Empire may have begun, or the Eastern Question may subside again and stagnate for another thirty years or more. Looking back upon old prophecies, one is convinced of the danger of prophesying

about future political changes. See, for example, the following:

"Islamism and Frankism—Western civilisation, or whatever you like to call it, I dare not call it Christianity—are no longer at arm's length. They are fairly being stirred up together. What will come of it? At a splendid fête, given by a great Pasha in the spring, among other novelties dancing was perpetrated, not, however, by the Turkish ladies, who were allowed merely to see the fun from the harem windows. 'In two years,' said an Englishman to one of the French Embassy, 'they will be down here, in five they will be dancing, and in ten they will wear crinolines.' 'Et alors,' replied the Frenchman, 'l'empire serait sauvé.'"

There are touches here and there throughout the volume of the better sort of humour—a humour completely divorced from any ill-nature or unseemliness—reminding one very forcibly of Thackeray. Some excellent examples of this quality are to be found in a description of a French watering-place, where ladies and gentlemen were not permitted, under any circumstances, to bathe together, although both sexes were elaborately dressed, and the former were invariably attended by a male *baigneur*. This elicits from our traveller the following reflection:

"I suppose it would be more improper for girls and boys of marriageable age to swim together than to walk, but I vow at this moment I cannot see why."

And again, promiscuous bathing in Belgium does not seem to him "immoral," but, "in our conventional sense, vulgar, much like kissing in the ring." That sort of thing does not suit "Vacuus Viator," who, at the risk of appearing benighted in the eyes of his Belgian or American friends, boldly declares:

"To a man the first requisite of a really enjoyable bath is surely deep water, and the second is no clothes, for the loss of either of which no amount of damp flirtation can compensate."

In America the genial traveller has ranged far and wide—from Montreal to Texas. All through he was treated, as he tells us, like a spoilt child.

I am glad to see included in this volume that most excellent address, "John to Jonathan," delivered in the Music Hall at Boston, on October 11, 1870. The Americans were at that time highly prejudiced against England—specially against the English aristocracy for their attitude of sympathy with the Confederates during the Civil War. Mr. Hughes eloquently stated a case for his own country, which was received not only with respect but with applause. Longfellow, Dana, Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, and Lowell were among those on the platform. There is no doubt that this address did much good at the time when it was delivered, and that its appearance in its present permanent form will do still more. Among Englishmen nothing but the kindest feelings exist towards their American cousins, but the Britisher has a lot of ignorant prejudice to live down on the other side of the Atlantic.

In the Texas letters there are some interesting accounts of life upon a ranch; while in another place a story is told, by an

American student of a German university, as marvellous and seemingly improbable as a tale from *The New Arabian Nights*.

The book—admirable in every other respect—is sadly in want of an index; and as much trouble has evidently been expended upon its production, it does seem a pity that this one thing further was not done to make it perfect.

In conclusion, an inhabitant of Poor Paddy-Land may be pardoned for hoping that "Viator" may again visit that favoured isle, whose inhabitants he will find "vacui sed jucundi."

GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

The King's Peace. By F. A. Inderwick, Q.C. (Sonnenschein.)

MR. Inderwick has brought together into this volume of 246 pages much curious and interesting information about our Courts of Law, about the Judges who have sat in them, the robes and wigs they have sat in, and the Counsel they have sat upon. The courts of the manor and the shire, courts of common law, courts of admiralty, courts of the forest; procedure by compurgation, by ordeal, by wager of battle, by the rack; the Chancellor, his office and seal, his mace and bag—on all these topics, and on many more, our learned author can write with the zeal of one to whom nothing comes amiss that is associated with the profession he adorns. As for the adverse criticisms which naughty men have from time to time passed upon our institutions, these are only noticed to be brushed aside in a spirit of happy optimism. The reflective mind will be struck with some amazement to learn that

"so long as the law is administered by judges of immovable tenure, of sufficient means, of independent character, and of legal training, it matters but little to the ordinary Englishman what is the precise nature or construction of the channel through which the stream of justice is compelled to flow."

However, if Mr. Inderwick is pleased to represent our judicial system as the perfection of human wisdom, it is no part of our business to disturb his confidence.

Where we shall take the liberty of joining issue with him is with respect to the proper way of writing a manual and the proper way of preparing it for the press. The book is called *The King's Peace*; but what the King's peace is, why it is the King's peace and no one else's, why there is one peace in the country instead of a hundred or a thousand—about all this our author has nothing to tell us. The King in the ancient judicature, he assures us, was "the fountain and the last resort of justice." So the lawyers have always contended, and so Mr. Inderwick maintains.

"The position of a King as *fons et origo justitiæ*, the fountain-head and source of justice, as of honours and dignities, seems to be co-existent with the establishment of monarchy itself."

This is one of those sounding phrases which pass current just so long as one does not reflect about them. The fact is, that in our own country, as elsewhere, the theory that the King is the sole source of justice developed but slowly. For a long time it did not

exist, simply because it did not correspond with facts. States are not organised in a day. It was long before the King's authority became the only authority, the King's peace the only peace. It was long, very long, before the Crown became in all causes supreme. Yet of this growth and development Mr. Inderwick gives his readers scarcely so much as a hint. He rests content with an old fiction of the lawyers, which belongs to the same class of ideas as the Social Compact and the Patriarchal Theory. All three aim at explaining the past. All three do so by reproducing the present more or less garbled. The result is a kind of ghost-photograph, which deceives no one who understands the trick. Such methods of reasoning remind one of nothing so much as of Thackeray's picture of the poor fuddled old Duke of Norfolk. He thought he was being driven home; next morning he found himself precisely where he started from—"the Prince's hideous house at Brighton."

Our first quarrel, then, with Mr. Inderwick is that he has failed to make the most of his subject, or to treat it in the spirit of an historian. Had he thought fit to lay before us some great issues, and to unfold them in an adequate way, we could have dispensed with a good deal of gossip about gowns and periwigs, or of minute learning about *chimærum* and *scoto*.

So much for sins of omission. The sins of commission are more numerous and scarcely less serious. The book opens with a few pages devoted to an explanation of the phrase "the Common Law of England." Unhappily, where the explanation is not unintelligible, it is absurd. The momentous question is propounded

"whether this body of law took its origin, as suggested by Caesar, from the Druids, who delivered their judgments under the oak or beside the cromlech, or whether, as Lord Ellesmere supposes, it dated still further back, and derived its inspiration from the first instincts of nature founded on the Law of God."

The pre-Druidic common law, we venture to think, had better be reserved for treatment by the ingenious artist, whose "Pre-historic Peeps" delight us in the pages of *Punch*. Not much better is the following:

"The Roman, the Dane, but, above all, the Teuton, had given tone and colour to the mass, so that it became from time to time suited to the somewhat conglomerate people for whose use it was framed."

It would be interesting to learn from Mr. Inderwick what he supposes the mass of the Common Law of England to have been like before the Roman, the Dane, and the Teuton took it in hand.

A few pages later we are introduced to the courts of the Anglo-Saxon period. The reader who has escaped shipwreck in the first five pages is prepared for a good deal, but scarcely for finding the Manor Court, the Court Baron, and the Court Leet introduced into the centuries before the Norman Conquest. The old story of the sufficient number of freemen necessary to constitute a court is of course repeated, and the statement on p. 6 that a manorial court is always appurtenant to a manor is thus contradicted on p. 7. Why the Court Baron was so

called does not clearly appear, but Mr. Inderwick seems to cherish the old error that it was the *curia baronum*, the court of the freemen. It was, of course, the *curia baronis*, the court of the lord.

If these errors in the first chapter stood alone, we might pass them over with the charitable supposition that the author had not yet warmed to his work. But they do not stand alone. The whole book is full of careless statements, careless references, careless grammar. The Vice-Chancellor who was drowned off the coast of Cyprus in 1191 was not Roger Malus Catullus, but Roger Malus Catulus, and he was not on his way home when he met his death. The last victim of the rack was not Peacham, in 1615, but John Archer, in 1640. Peacham, in point of fact, was not racked at all; he was "put to the manacles." The "lawing" of hounds is first mentioned on p. 147; the term is not explained until p. 151. On the same page the reader is referred forward for a description of the Clerk's Court of the Market and the Court of Pypowders. The description has already been furnished on pp. 104, 105, in the preceding chapter. Sentences are strung together anyhow. "Therefore," "however," "nevertheless"—these, and others like them, are treated as cavalierly as a schoolboy treats his Greek particles. Finally, should any person wish to pursue still further his studies in Mr. Inderwick's style, let him direct his attention to the last sentence on p. 41. We have seen a worse in a popular manual of equity, but we say, with confidence, "*proximos illi tamen occupavit honores* Mr. Inderwick."

If now we should change our attitude and recommend *The King's Peace* to the reader, he will no doubt think we are laughing at him. We do so, nevertheless, but not unreservedly. The book is tolerably well bound, clearly printed, and embellished with several valuable illustrations. It contains a great deal of information upon a great variety of topics; it furnishes in an appendix a list of authors—good, bad and indifferent—to whom the reader may refer for enlightenment, when he finds the clouds gathering about him. It is not an entertaining book, and it is overloaded with detail; but if Mr. Inderwick will submit it to a thorough revision, it may perhaps, should it reach a second edition, serve some useful purpose after all.

R. W. LEE.

Three Great African Chiefs. By the Rev. Edwin Lloyd. (Fisher Unwin.)

OF the making of books about Khama and his brother chiefs there is no end; and, truth to say, we are getting a little weary of them—though it is scarcely fair to confess to this feeling when it might be taken as reflecting especially on the work compiled by the Rev. Edwin Lloyd. His addition to the dozen or so volumes on Khama already published would be well enough, had not the ground been covered by predecessors. His book is, in fact, very much superior to many of them, and, although it is obviously written to meet a momentary demand, it will have its uses hereafter. Mr. Lloyd not only gives

us adequate lives of Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen; he also tells us a good deal about the customs and curious rites of the Bechuana tribes, giving specimens of their fairy tales, folk-lore, and traditions, together with particulars concerning their language and history. As to language, we must protest against the refinements in which Mr. Lloyd sees fit to indulge in the matter of transliteration. Why not accept spellings which have become general, rather than adopt variations which can only cause confusion? Why spell Bechuana with a *w* instead of a *u*? Why spell Bathoen with a final *g*?

Mr. Lloyd commences by introducing us to the country of Bechuanaland, which he describes with sufficient amplification for his purpose. As he says, from a tribal point of view Bechuanaland extends into the Transvaal. The country ruled over by Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen is often termed "The Great Thirst Land." It has recently been asserted freely that it has considerable mineral wealth; but this still remains to be proved. In any case, timber is scarce and so is game, while at present cattle cannot thrive there: in fact, it is never likely to prove a rich country. It is extremely thinly populated, the few inhabitants being collected together in a score of large towns or kraals. They are divided into a number of principal tribes, each ruled by its own paramount chief, and each with its own totem. The Batlhaping venerate the fish; the Barolong, iron; the Bangwaketse and Bakwena, the *kwen*a (crocodile); the Bakhatla, the *khatla* (monkey); the Bamalete, the ox; and the Bamangwato, the *duiker* (antelope). It will be remembered that Mr. Chamberlain's presents to the chiefs included signet rings bearing the antelope and the crocodile.

Mr. Lloyd is bold enough to give a family tree of Khama's ancestors for the last three hundred years. Although this is doubtless in a large measure apocryphal, it is probably not more so than the pedigrees of certain distinguished British families duly registered at the College of Heralds. When, however, we come to Khama's father Sekhomé, we are on safe ground. He was a man with the courage of his opinions, a good crusted old Tory, whom it is impossible not to admire. In reviewing Mr. Hepburn's *Letters* lately we had occasion to give the outlines of his career, and they are by this time fairly well known to newspaper readers. We have all heard the tale of the wound inflicted by Khama on Lobengula, but we do not think the latter chief was debarred from raiding the Bechuana again by a trifle of this kind. He probably came to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle. The author tells the tale of the prolonged struggle between Sekhomé and Khama—a struggle which amounted to much more than a personal dispute: it meant that Christianity had pitted itself against heathenism, and that for once it had come off with something more than a merely showy triumph. "It is commonly thought in England," says Mr. Lloyd, "that Khama is by far the greatest chief in Bechuanaland." But Khama himself has been careful to

emphasise the fact that Sebele is his superior, being the "father" or principal chief in Bechuanaland; while, so far as riches and the number of his subjects go, Bathoen is also above Khama. The most valuable part of this book, because it deals with facts and persons not so generally known, has reference to Sebele and Bathoen.

Taking the volume as a whole, it may be regarded as a useful contribution to the literature dealing with an order of things in South Africa which is rapidly reaching its final stages, and which in the course of another generation will become a matter of history. For better for worse, Bechuanaland will be Anglicised, as Matabeleland and Mashonaland are being, and Barotzeland is about to be.

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

NEW NOVELS.

The Woman in the Dark. By F. W. Robinson. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Crooked Stick. By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillans.)

Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By J. C. Snaith. (Innes.)

The Shoulder of Shasta. By Bram Stoker. (Constable.)

Boconnoc. By Herbert Vivian. (Henry.)

Diana's Hunting. By Robert Buchanan. (Fisher Unwin.)

The White Shield. By Bertram Mitford. (Cassells.)

Sibyl Falcon. By E. Jepson. (Tower Publishing Co.)

The One who Looked On. By F. F. Monfrésor. (Hutchinson.)

Perfect Womanhood. By F. J. Grant. (Digby, Long & Co.)

CERTAIN authors never seem to get past their work, and Mr. F. W. Robinson is one of them. More than a generation must have elapsed since *Grandmother's Money* appeared, and everyone should be pleased that an author who has never yet penned a chapter to which the sternest moralist could take exception has not yet written himself out. *The Woman in the Dark* is a book which, like the stories of Le Fanu and Wilkie Collins, interests the reader from the start by a weird note of mystery, which is sure to carry one forward thirsting for more. The action of the novel is rapid, nearly every important event happening within the space of three days, and the final catastrophe not more than ten days afterwards. Muriel Reeves, a young woman from London, arrives at Great Horn's Head, a Welsh watering-place, to enter on her duties as companion to Lavinia, the invalid wife of James Gladwell, whose real name afterwards proves to be Horbury. The very day after her arrival she meets with, and is reconciled to, a discarded lover, makes an important discovery regarding a supposed lunatic relative confined in the house, and is nearly instrumental in unearthing a grave family secret. Mystery follows mystery, until the melodramatic villain, James Horbury, the genial, open-handed, popular man of the locality,

puts a fitting end to his nefarious life, and leaves the coast clear for the more virtuous characters to display themselves.

Rolf Boldrewood is another of those novelists who always tell their story in a thoroughly wholesome way. In *The Crooked Stick* we have, as usual, a charming picture of Australian station life, and in one particular it is specially entitled to commendation. The author has on some occasions devoted rather an inordinate space to descriptions of antipodean scenery and customs; in the present case he has apparently assumed in his readers a tolerable knowledge of things Australian, and has devoted himself to the story alone. This reduces the bulk of the volume, but does not diminish our enjoyment of its matter. Mrs. Devereux, after the death of her husband, carries on the management of his station—Corindah—successfully for many years, and is living there with her grown-up daughter, Pollie, when the tale begins. Candidates for her hand Pollie has in plenty, but they fail to satisfy her, until her cousin, Mr. Bertram Devereux, arrives from England, where fast living and debts have proved too much for him. After being an inmate of the house for some time, he gets wounded in an affray with bushrangers, and is handed over to her tender care as nurse. However, news of some past infidelities of which he has been guilty in England come to her ears, and she discards him in favour of an earlier and worthier lover. There is not so much thrilling incident as usual in the present tale, and its plot is a slight one; but it is agreeably told and quite worthy of the author.

The title of *Mistress Dorothy Marvin* prepares us at the outset for a tale of full-bottomed wigs, highwaymen, and other interesting reminiscences of our forefathers' time. One is always glad, on many accounts, to welcome an historical novel, however faulty its execution; in the present instance there is no need to find fault at all. The scene is laid in the romantic West Country, which has furnished subject-matter for such first-rate novels as *Lorna Doone*, *Micah Clarke*, and a host of others. Sir Edward Armstrong, a Somersetshire baronet, relates for the benefit of his posterity a tale of his early manhood, when, having taken part with Monmouth in 1685, and having been forced, after Sedgemoor, to escape at peril of his life, he earned a reputation as Black Ned, the highwayman, and became the terror of all wealthy Tories between Salisbury Plain and Dartmoor. Mr. Snaith's book is likely to satisfy the most voracious appetite for doughty deeds, heroic rescues, plot, counter-plot, and lovemaking of the old-fashioned style. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that the tale can quite claim rank with those mentioned above; but if this is Mr. Snaith's first venture in this line of fiction, he ought certainly to be congratulated, and encouraged to proceed.

Another of Mr. Bram Stoker's admirable little productions reaches us under the name of *The Shoulder of Shasta*, Shasta being a mountain near San Francisco, upon the spur of which is a residence noted for its

pinewood-laden breezes and generally invigorating climate. Hither, for health-recruiting purposes, Mrs. Elstree brings her invalid daughter, Esse, who not only receives much physical benefit from the change, but, being a young lady of highly impressionable temperament, persuades herself into the belief that she is enamoured of a stalwart mountaineer and prairie-hunter of the Buffalo Bill type, whose life she saves on a remarkable occasion, in which grizzly bears figure largely. The process by which she becomes disillusioned is told with a good deal of humour; and the narrative is entertaining throughout, with eloquent descriptions of scenery.

Boconnoc is not a novel which it gives one much pleasure to review. The leading personage of the story, Rupert Boconnoc, is a debauched young man, who, having squandered all the money he can extract from an indulgent father upon roulette, luxurious living, and theatrical artistes of easy virtue, bids good-bye to his creditors, Albany Chambers, and paramours, and repairs with his last few hundreds to Monte Carlo in the hope of retrieving his fortunes. Here disaster overtakes him; and we next find him at Venice paying attentions to Mrs. Bell, the young wife of a hard-drinking and rather brutal specimen of an Englishman. No sooner has he gained this lady's regard than he bluntly proposes a criminal intrigue, to be carried on under the husband's very eyes, but deservedly meets with a rebuff. However, some time afterwards she elopes with him, and after spending a year or more, under various aliases, in avoiding duns and criminal proceedings, they are married, as soon as the divorce proceedings are completed. One can hardly tell whether the author means to be serious when he tries to make us believe that the pusillanimous little creature who figures as his hero, who weeps like a child at every reverse of fortune, and stoops to any humiliation to obtain the loan of a five-pound note, could rise to be a shining light in Parliament, and "increase in the fear of God and the favour of men." In regard to literary style and painstaking minuteness the book is well enough in its way. No detail is omitted by reason of its unpleasantness; and those who have a fancy for the garbage of the divorce court will find a tolerable reproduction of it in these pages.

According to Burke, there are occasions when vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness. Certainly Mr. Buchanan's tale of an illicit passion is not told with anything like the grossness which characterises the novel we have just been noticing; yet it is doubtful whether—to use the now accepted form of putting it—*Diana's Hunting* is quite the sort of book which the daughters of a family would like their mother to read. Diana Meredith is a popular actress, and Frank Horsham, the husband of an illiterate but affectionate wife, is a successful dramatic author. Diana conceives a violent affection for him, to which he weakly responds. Nothing actually immoral or disastrous takes place, and perhaps the ending will be voted an

anti-climax by those who delight in tales of human frailty. Mr. Buchanan is a good descriptive writer, but the subject-matter of this story is neither edifying nor amusing.

The author of *The White Shield* is well known for his tales of Zulu life, and for his enthusiastic admiration of that noble savage. In the present work—which yields to none of its predecessors in description of ferocious and sanguinary encounters—Untuswa, an aged chief, relates the story of his campaigns under Umzilikazi, the first king of the Matabeli nation. The narrative is of a thrilling character throughout, but Mr. Mitford might well have remembered that his readers are not all of them so well up in the Zulu language as he is himself. What with *izinduna*, and *isanusi*, and *abatagati*, and *umtagati*, and a host of other such terms, one is apt to get a little confused.

Full of adventurous deeds, like the story just mentioned, and a capital book for boys, is *Sibyl Falcon*, a tale of the early part of the century. Pirates, buccaneers, the Spanish Main, mysterious treasures, and fights by the dozen figure in its pages. The very heroine is a crack swordswoman, and kills her man at least two or three times in the course of the narrative.

The One who Looked On is concerned in the first part with the history of two Irish orphan children, who were removed from their home to London, and brought up at their guardian's house in Eaton-square; while later on we have the love story of Sir Charles Bargreave, the aforesaid guardian, and Pauline, the crippled daughter of Prof. Mowbray. Miss Montrésor's picture of Charlie Farrant, a sturdy and determined young fellow of eight years old, certainly makes some demand upon our credulity; but he is not an impossible child, and so far the author has executed a difficult task with success. The ending is pathetic, but not depressing.

Perfect Womanhood is a novel with a purpose, the author's object being to rescue spiritual belief from attacks at the hand of agnostics, and to reconcile science and evolutionary theories with the doctrines of revealed religion. This is not a subject which admits of much lightness of treatment, being indeed more suitable for the pages of a review than of a novel, besides requiring the possession on the part of the reader of much scientific knowledge and considerable patience in following the arguments. The principal figure is Sister Eva, belonging to a religious nursing order. Algernon Graham, a materialist, is "spiritually married" to Eva, and dies a convert to the faith. Though far from solving all difficulties, the author's arguments are commendably suggestive.

JOHN BARROW ALLEN.

GIFT BOOKS.

As Christmas comes round, we have grown accustomed to expect from the Oxford University Press Warehouse an edition of some English poet, which—if not remarkable for anything else, will at least be remarkable for the print, paper, and binding. We already have on our shelves the Oxford Shakspeare, the

Oxford Scott, the Oxford Longfellow; and now we have received the Oxford Wordsworth (London: Frowde), edited by the competent hands of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson. As readers of the ACADEMY are aware, Mr. Hutchinson knows his Wordsworth with the same loving devotion as Prof. Robinson Ellis knows his Catullus. Not only has he slaved at the dry details of textual criticism, but he has saturated his mind with the language and thought of the poet, and with his personal and literary surroundings. No doubt his task was rendered easier to him by the existence of Prof. Dowden's Aldine edition, in seven volumes, to which he repeatedly acknowledges his obligations. But he always goes back to the original editions, and decides upon his own responsibility such minute questions as those concerned with orthography and punctuation. Hitherto the standard one-volume edition of Wordsworth has been that published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in 1888, which, by the way, includes the posthumous "Prelude" here omitted. That edition attempted to arrange all the poems in chronological sequence—an attempt condemned by Prof. Dowden as impossible, in view of our existing knowledge. Mr. Hutchinson shares Prof. Dowden's opinion, and has preferred to print the minor poems in the order which the poet himself finally settled and persistently maintained. Not that Mr. Hutchinson is by any means indifferent to the question when and where each several poem was composed. He is careful to prefix to each all the available evidence; and, in place of a formal biography, he has compiled an elaborate chronological table, giving not only the chief events of the poet's life and the dates of publication of his principal works, but also his relations with his great contemporaries. We thus learn that, in the very year of Wordsworth's birth, Chatterton died and "The Deserted Village" was published; and that before he died he might have read—had he chosen—not only great part of Tennyson and Browning, but also the early verses of Charles Kingsley, Clough, and Matthew Arnold. The editor modestly describes this chronological table as "not very inviting to look at"; but we can assure him that it embodies a valuable lesson in the history of literature, which is too often ignored. To get so much into a single volume has required just 1000 pages, though no one would guess that number from the thinness of the India paper edition. The typography is admirable, except in the notes, where the quotations elude our weak eyesight altogether. There is also a miniature edition, in five diminutive volumes enclosed in a case, than which we have not seen a more desirable "gift-book" this season.

AMONG the many reprints which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have published this winter, none is more pleasing than their American edition, in two volumes, of White's *Natural History of Selborne*. We say "American" advisedly; for not only does it contain an introduction by Mr. John Burroughs, but also the illustrations—if by an English artist—are reproduced in the finest style of American process. It is true that the perennial charm of the book is so great that—we should suppose, even in the United States—it stands in no need of an introduction, which we would gladly exchange for an index and a little more care in the printing of Latin. Not that we would depreciate the sympathetic comment of Mr. Burroughs, who has long ago established his claim to speak on the work of a brother naturalist. But the novelty of the book lies in its illustrations, which could hardly have been produced even a year or two ago. Almost without an exception they are derived from the camera, sometimes directly, as in the views of Selborne village and its surrounding scenery,

sometimes from photographs that have manifestly been touched up by hand, as in the case of the numerous portraits of birds. To mention only a few, we have never seen more lifelike representations of swallows, martins, and swifts than in these pages; while the rook, the jackdaw, and the starling are no less clearly distinguished. It is only just to add that the name of the artist is Mr. Clifton Johnson. We shall look for his work again.

WE must briefly acknowledge Mr. Oswald Crawford's *English Verse from Elizabeth to Victoria* (Chapman & Hall), which has appeared just in time for a Christmas present. While every critic likes to form—if only in imagination—an anthology of his own, so we know of nothing more welcome to the lover of literature, however many collections of the same kind he may already have on his shelves. It is a pleasure to glance at the old favourites, which one knows almost by heart; and it is no less pleasant to infer the tastes of the editor from the comparative novelties he is sure to introduce. In this case, we feel ourselves safe in Mr. Crawford's hands; and we feel specially grateful to him for having dared to include a few pieces that do not altogether reach the traditional standard of dignity. The book is handsomely printed and prettily bound; nor must we omit to mention that the gold leaf on the top edges is shot from beneath—not with prayer-book red, but—with navy blue.

Pax and Carlino. By Ernst Beckman. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Children's Library" has produced some admirable stories, but none better than *Pax and Carlino*. It tells the story of a small Swedish boy who is stolen from his parents and deserted by the thief in Italy. The little fellow passes through many hands, and at last reaches an uncle in America who restores him happily to his parents. The merit of the volume consists in the grace and precision of the sketches of the bishop's palace and of Monsignor, of Giacomo and his troupe, and of kind Father Giovanni. We do not find the American part of the tale so idyllic or so convincing as the Italian. "Old Soc," Carlino's "little uncle," is less to our taste than the dear bishop, although, no doubt, the Italian scenes are the more effective for their contrast with the American. Carlino is adorable always and his friend Pax nearly as good. The illustrations are clever, and the get-up of the book dainty and charming—only too bright and white for London use!

In the Days of King George. By Lieut.-Col. J. Percy Groves. (Casells.) Donald Geddes, the hero of this story, who is born in Ayrshire, settles among relatives in Castlebar in 1797. It follows, therefore, that he figures in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the serious character of which is now, perhaps, but imperfectly understood. His naval adventures, in which a certain Jean Potin figures to purpose, are even more notable than those on land. Altogether, this is a very lively and even instructive book, and more than sustains its author's deservedly high reputation as a writer for boys.

A New Zealand Courtship, and other Work-a-Day Stories. By E. Boyd Bayly. (Religious Tract Society.) Five stories as rightly felt, as clearly and brightly written, and as wholesome in tendency as these work-a-day tales will not easily be found. Perhaps it is because the author gives us a real breath of New Zealand air that the book seems to stand out from the large class of goody-goody literature as sincere and fresh. We get an impression from the tales that New Zealand is a wholesome place to live in: a place of plain living and hard working, which in due time will con-

tribute its share of high thinking to the world's history. The twin stories of "A New Zealand Courtship" and "In Search of Conquest" are the pith of the book; but more complete and effective as a piece of art is the first of the tales, "For Honour's Sake."

Under the Dog-Star. By Austin Clare. (S.P.C.K.) Austin Clare is a skilful writer who knows how to develop a plot and to balance cleverly incidents and characters. The Northumberland dialect and scenery and hard life are reproduced faithfully and vividly in the chapters which describe the life and fortunes of Nick, the son of "Tramping Sal." We have only one objection to raise to the story—the dearth of agreeable characters. The book is depressing. Even Nick and his sweetheart, Meggie, cannot be allowed in the general gloom to possess any more sprightly virtues than endurance and dogged honesty. Artistically, the crabbed, stunted nature of the human character in the novel is in keeping with the scenery and the life in which it is placed; but we cannot suppose that "the borders" are inhabited only by Puritans whose religion has become mere illustrations. The illustrations by Mr. Sidney Paget are clever.

"CHATTERBOX LIBRARY."—*The Sisters.* (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.) "Commonplace but readable," will be the verdict of the experienced reader on *The Sisters*. And yet we are surprised that we find the tale readable. Kate is really insufferable; and instead of being lamed for life or burnt, or in some other striking way properly recompensed for her detestable temper, she is allowed to repent at the end, and to soothe the declining years of an indulgent father. And the story of Mrs. McGregor's woes interrupts the narrative unpleasantly, and ought to be "another story." But there is merit in the tale, or we should be less conscious of its drawbacks. The book is so well printed that we regret to note that it is "printed in Holland."

Anchor and Cross, by Lady Dunboyne (S.P.C.K.), is another commonplace but readable tale. We notice that in many of the publications of the religious literature societies the glorification of the heroic curate or saintly vicar is almost too frank and free. It will strike the laymen as absurd and in questionable taste. Mr. W. H. Overend's illustrations are not without merit. The bull in his frontispiece is a spirited animal coming along with a grand swing.

The Wizard and the Lizard, and Other Fairy Tales. By Fanny Conway Lomax. Illustrated by Matthew Stretch. (Digby, Long & Co.) These pretty stories, if not very strong, are pathetic and poetical, and are told with grace and simplicity. We suppose that "The Wizard and the Lizard" has been chosen for the first place because it was the author's favourite; but in this case (a not unusual one) the judgment of the general reader will probably differ from that of the inventor. We prefer it to "The Living Blossoms" and the "Fairy Legend of the Laburnum," which are the weakest of the collection; but the author's talents are better displayed in the other three, all of which are charming in their way. If we were to award a prize, we should give it to "The Legend of the Submerged Town of Vallée des Iles"—an admirable story well, if somewhat timidly, told. Miss Lomax has sufficient fancy and refined feeling to make her stories welcome in many households, if she can maintain the level of the best of these.

The Secret Cave. By Mrs. E. Searchfield. (Nelson.) In spite of a flavour of pomposity and priggishness, the story of Mistress Joan's ring catches our attention, and will be enjoyed by young people. It is a story of Monmouth's

rebellion, with the wicked doings of Kirke's Lambs and Judge Jeffreys discreetly kept in the background, or only mentioned that we may congratulate ourselves on the safe escape from them of all the persons of the drama. The illustrations are good, and the binding unusually pretty.

The Edge of the World. By Annie Dawson. (The Unicorn Press.) The fairy tale, which is poetic and artistic, is apt to fall between two stools. Children are not amused by it, and adults are not edified. Some of Annie Dawson's "fancies and fairy tales" almost succeed, but most of them obviously fail. Probably she will do better if she writes for adults. There is originality in the book and capacity too. The author must try again.

Blossoms from Old Trees, by D. Waterson, (Dean), must please small children by the abundance of M. Waterson's illustrations. The "Old Trees" are nursery rhymes of antiquity and renown; the "Blossoms" are a succession of rather old-fashioned stories, written to fit the rhymes and to expand their mysterious terseness into something more satisfying to a child's curiosity. There is no genius in the illustrations; but there is some fancy and some invention, and an indefatigable copiousness. The book is frankly for children, and will please them. It will be caviare to grown-ups.

Stories for Ten-Year-Olds. By Frances Wilce Sanders. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Why for ten-year-olds—or, indeed, for any age? We have seldom read a bundle of sillier stories. There are plenty more to come also, apparently—poor little ten-year-olds—for the volume is marked "Series I." Never mind. The appearance of Series II. probably depends upon the success of Series I., and that rests in your own hands.

Gentle Jesus: a Life of Christ for Little Folk. By H. E. Jackson. (Sunday School Union.) Even little ones take in and bear in mind the grave, simple words of the Bible narrative of the Saviour's life on earth. It is not easy, therefore, to sympathise with Miss Jackson's resetting of Holy Writ. The Annunciation is thus told: "There was a kind look on the angel's face, and he spoke to her in such a gentle manner that her fear left her and a quiet gladness came into her heart; for Gabriel told Mary that God was with her, and that He was about to send her a baby." This is somewhat mawkish, to say the least. The illustrations are still more unpleasant, utterly discarding all the associations of ancient art, and depicting the characters of the Bible story in very modern and realistic fashion. It is difficult to conceive what manner of children are supposed to benefit by this book.

Christ's Christmas. By the Rev. E. T. Oldmeadow. (The Unicorn Press.) Mr. Oldmeadow makes an earnest attempt to arouse the easy-going Christian to a more vital faith. He labels his sermons "A Dream-Piece," or "A Fantasy-Piece"; but they are sermons, nevertheless, and not either dreams or fantasies. The devout will read them with edification.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN's new poem, *England's Darling*, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan early in January, is dedicated, by permission, to the Princess of Wales.

MESSRS. HODGSON BURNETT has completed a new novel of considerable length, which will be published by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. early in the new year.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have in preparation the *Memoirs of General Lejeune, 1780 to 1814*, translated by Nancy Bell (N. D'Anvers).

Lejeune—best known as a painter of battle-scenes—was also a distinguished officer of engineers; and special interest attaches to his account of the siege of Saragossa, and of the bridging of the Danube in connexion with the battles of Essling and Wagram.

MESSRS. RICHARD BENTLEY have in the press a book entitled *The Lost Possessions of England*, by Mr. Walter Frewen Lord. It will deal, in some detail, with the occupation of Calais, Dunkirk, Tangier, Minorca, and the Ionian Islands, as well as with the temporary seizure of Java, Cuba, Buenos Ayres, &c.

HANSARD'S Parliamentary Debates, properly so called, consist of 423 volumes, beginning in 1803 and coming down to 1891. For the first two series of these, from 1803 to 1830, there exists a general index. Messrs. P. S. King & Son—who purchased the "remainder" of the stock at the recent sale of the Hansard Publishing Union—now propose to compile and publish a similar index for the third series, covering the period from 1831 to 1891, which fills no less than 356 volumes. The character of the undertaking may be inferred from the fact that this index is estimated to make four royal octavo volumes, of the same size as the Debates. Of the historical importance of such a work there can be no question.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. have in hand an historical novel entitled *Two Queens*. It is a translation from the German of Baron Semolin, the son of the famous Count Semolin, who rendered such signal service to Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark and Queen Marie Antoinette, and who came into possession of several private letters and diaries entrusted by the latter to Count Fersen. The story opens with a description of the Court at Copenhagen, and the position occupied by Sir Robert Keith, the British ambassador. The heroine is Renira Beaulerc, a newly appointed Maid of Honour, whose birth and parentage are enveloped in mystery. After the death of the Queen, at the early age of twenty-three, the scene then changes to Paris, where Renira Beaulerc is found in attendance on Marie Antoinette, and remains with her to the end. The mystery of her birth is revealed in the last chapter. The book has been translated under the advice of Prof. Max Müller, who contributes a preface.

THE next volume of the "Book-Lover's Library" will be *Book-Verses*, an anthology of poems of books and bookmen from the earliest times to recent years, edited by Mr. W. Roberts. This volume will be a companion to *Book-Song*, in the same series, which contained the work of living authors only.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS announce the publication, in the course of a few days, of a new book by Miss Lois Fison, entitled *The New Fairyland*, a story of fairies and grave little hillmen, cloud spirits, Master Puck and his works, with illustrations by K. M. Skeaping, A. K. Goyder and A. L. Tracy.

A VOLUME of the "Golden Nails" series, *Silver Wings, and Other Addresses to Children*, by the Rev. A. G. Fleming, is being translated into Efik by the Rev. William Anderson, of Old Calabar. Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier are also issuing a new edition of the book.

THE opening meeting of the new session of the Jewish Historical Society of England will be held in the Rooms of the Maccabaeans, St. James's Hall Restaurant, Piccadilly, on Saturday, January 4, at 8 p.m. The president, Mr. Lucien Wolf, will deliver an introductory address; and illustrations of some points in Anglo-Jewish history, photographed by Mr. Haes, and explained by Mr. J. Jacobs, will be shown in the optical lantern.

THE following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution after Christmas: Prof. Charles Stewart, eleven lectures on "The External Covering of Plants and Animals, its Structure and Functions"; the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, four lectures on "Dante"; Prof. H. Marshall Ward, three lectures on "Some Aspects of Modern Botany"; the Rev. Dr. William Barry, four lectures on "Masters of Modern Thought—Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, and Spinoza"; Prof. C. Hubert H. Parry, three lectures on "Realism and Idealism in Musical Art" (with musical illustrations); Lord Rayleigh, six lectures on "Light." The Friday evening meetings will begin on January 17, when a discourse will be given by Lord Rayleigh, entitled "More about Argon"; succeeding discourses will probably be given by Prof. Burdon Sanderson, Mr. W. S. Lilly, Dr. John Murray, Mr. J. J. Armistead, Dr. Edward Frankland, Mr. A. R. Binnie, Mr. Sidney Lee, Prof. T. R. Fraser, and Prof. Dewar.

THE *Book-Lovers' Almanac for 1896* (New York: Duprat) contains a bibliography of Frederick Locker-Lampson.

MESSRS. P. S. KING & SON, of King-street, Westminster, have issued a catalogue of parliamentary reports relating to education, from the early years of the century down to the present time. The series begins with the report of Lord Brougham's committee, appointed in 1816 to inquire into the education of "the lower orders," and ends with the recent report of the Royal Commission on secondary education. Altogether there are 266 separate headings. Some pains have evidently been expended on classification, and on summarising the contents of the more important documents. But we could wish that the opportunity had been taken to prefix a brief historical introduction, showing the various stages of government interposition. We notice that by far the most expensive report of all is that of the Commission on charities for the education of the poor, first appointed in 1818, which continued in existence down to 1842.

THE last number of the *Pauline* contains an interesting notice of George Thicknesse, who was high master of St. Paul's in the middle of last century. He raised the number of boys in the school from about 50 to 200. Among his pupils was Sir Philip Francis, who called him "the wisest, the most learned, quiet, and best man I ever knew." Thicknesse was a Wykehamist; and we observe also that neither of the two sur-masters in his time was a Pauline. It is here stated that "his age was about thirty-five" when elected high master in March 12, 1748; but the Register of Winchester Scholars shows that he was baptised on November 22, 1714, which would presumably make him only thirty-three.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE Artistic Publishing Company, of Amberley House, Norfolk-street, Strand—who have taken over the *Minster*—propose to issue it in an entirely new form, retaining little more than the old name. While, on the one hand, it is to become a handsomely illustrated magazine of light and humorous literature; on the other hand, it will consistently maintain a strong Imperialist policy. For example, the first number will contain a "symposium" on the future of the British Empire, by Cardinal Vaughan, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Charles Dilke, Vice-Admiral Colomb, Col. Howard Vincent, and others. There will also be short stories by John Strange Winter, Eden Philpotts, W. I. Alden, &c.; poems by I. Zangwill and Norman Gale; and a "cross-

examination" of Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C. Among the artists represented are L. Raven Hill, Dudley Hardy, and Caton Woodville.

MESSRS. GAY & BIRD, of Bedford-street, will henceforth be the English publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The programme for the new year includes an unpublished note-book of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a series of letters that passed between Emerson and Sterling. There will be no long serial novels; but a number of short stories—all, apparently, by American writers—some of which may run through three or more numbers. There will also be a series of articles on foreign contributions to the American character—German, Irish, and Scandinavian; "Some Memories of Hawthorne," by his daughter, Mrs. Lathrop; and two papers by Mr. J. M. Ludlow—on "Trade Unions," and on "The Christian Socialist Movement of the Middle of the Century."

THE following is a full list of the German contributions that will appear in the first number of *Cosmopolis*. "Das Orakel: Eine Erinnerung," by Ernst von Wildenbruch; "Die Geschichte der Todesstrafe im Römischen Staat," by Theodor Mommsen; "Kaiser Wilhelm II. und die Sozialdemokratie," by Theodor Barth; "Das Mädchen von Oberkirch: Ein Dramatischer Entwurf Goethes," by Erich Schmidt; "Πάρρα Πεῖ," by Friedrich Spielhagen; and "Zur Centenarfeier der Lithographie: Die Kunst Raffets," by Hermann Heflicher.

THE January number of *Chapman's Magazine* will contain the first instalment of a "play-story" by Mr. Joseph Strange, entitled "In Doubting Castle," to run through three numbers; and also seven complete short stories by Messrs. W. E. Norris, Jerome K. Jerome, F. C. Phillips, Robert Barr, Barry Pain, &c.

THE forthcoming number of the *Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist* will contain articles on "Thornton Abbey," by Mr. Clement C. Hodges; on "Discoveries at Etruscan Vetulonia," by Leader Scott; "Some Forms of Greek Idolatry," by Mr. G. F. Hill; and also an illustrated note on certain recently discovered thirteenth-century frescoes in Ashampstead Church, Berkshire.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

NEW YEAR WISHES.

"Give me good wishes."

Do not hail the year with sorrow,
But pray God He bring for you
Every choicest gift of Heaven,
Friend most valued and most true

May He shed around your pathway
Comfort on the darkest day;
May He bring you peace and gladness,
Health and happiness alway.

You are strong to face each trial;
Well I know no braver heart,
In the fight 'gainst pain and sickness,
Ever bore a nobler part.

When the skies were at their darkest,
Calm and patient still you were;
When there seemed no gleam of sunlight,
Nothing left save only prayer,

Still you bravely faced the future,
Let it bring what'er it might;
And, thank God, the darkness ended,
You have passed into the light.

And not only in the New Year,
But in all the years to be,
May the richest gifts of Heaven,
Be bestowed, best friend, on thee.

OBITUARY.

R. H. BUDDEN.

UNLESS someone else has anticipated me, I trust that you will allow me to pay a tribute in the ACADEMY to the memory of this truly remarkable Englishman, who died at Turin on December 11.

Thirty years ago Mr. R. A. Budden was instrumental in founding the Italian Alpine Club, with which his name will be ever associated. The direction taken by that institution may be said to be entirely due to him. To the "sport" of Alpine climbing—surely the most noble and inspiring ever invented by man—it was his aim to add the promotion of every good and enlightened work connected with mountains. Village industries giving employment to hundreds of poor, roads opening up new districts, huts and refuges for the adventurous traveller, meteorological observatories, Alpine inns, guides, maps, the preservation of the Alpine flora, the replanting of trees on the denuded hill-sides—these are but a few of the objects for which he worked by writing, speaking, advising; spending largely out of his own purse, and giving of his time and labour, for thirty years, far more devotedly to the cause he had voluntarily espoused, than most men give to their professions. Simple and genial in manner, and thoroughly English to the last, he possessed a very un-English measure of tact in dealing with all sorts and conditions of men; and it is the simple truth to say that he was loved equally by persons holding every shade of opinion, political and religious—which happens rarely in Italy.

A few weeks ago a banquet was given in his honour by his Alpinist friends at Turin, at the close of which he proposed making a little collection for the Alpine garden just founded by his good friend, the half-blind Prior of the Hospice on the Little St. Bernard; and the success of this initiative was certainly what pleased him most in the honours paid to him. Only last autumn he was still making Alpine ascents which would have daunted many younger men. Now it will be said by the poor folk of many an Alpine hamlet, now lying under its covering of winter snow, that *il buon cavaliere* has made his last ascent—to heaven!

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

Rovato, December 16, 1895.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for December begins with a collection of Basque inscriptions, from both Spain and France, mostly unpublished, carefully compiled, with translations, by Mr. E. Spencer Dodgson. Few foreigners, certainly no Englishman, have attained so curiously minute a knowledge of the Basque land and language as has Mr. Dodgson. Padre Fita concludes his interesting publication of Papal Bulls and documents, chiefly of the thirteenth century, belonging to the convent of Santa Clara in Barcelona. A. A. Cardenas gives an account of the discovery of the Mihrab and Oratory of the Almadraza, or college, of Granada, in April, 1893, of its subsequent restoration, its Arabic inscriptions, and translations of them. F. de Bofarull determines the site and various points in the history of the Royal Palace of Valdaura, near Barcelona. The number concludes with copies of Roman inscriptions lately found in Portugal, and with minor notices.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

PUNCTUALLY with the New Year, the Clarendon Press will issue another quarterly instalment of *The New English Dictionary*, edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray, from DEVELOPMENT to DIFFLUENCY.

This section contains 1145 main words, 146 combinations explained under these, and 138 subordinate entries—1429 in all. The obvious combinations, recorded and illustrated by quotations, without individual definition, number 143 more. Of the 1145 main words, 868 are current and native, or fully naturalised, 199 are marked as obsolete, and 78 as alien, or not fully naturalised. The total number of illustrative quotations is no less than 7416.

This section finishes the words in DE-, and proceeds with those in DI-, the majority of these being compounded with the various prefixes di-, and the prefix dia-, to the articles on which particular attention is called. It necessarily includes, especially under dia-, a long series of scientific and technical terms, of ancient, mediæval, or modern formation, of which *diabetes*, *diagnosis*, *dialectic*, *diameter*, *diapason*, *diaphanous*, *diaphragm*, *diarrhoea*, *diathermanous*, will be found to present many points of interest. There are also the obsolete medical terms in dia-, so strangely formed from Greek phrases; of these *diachylon*, or *diachylum*, remains as the sole representative in general use, but so numerous were they in mediæval times that the element *dia* common to them was itself taken to mean "a medical preparation." Among the articles of special historical interest are DEVIL (occupying with its various senses, phrases, and derivatives, 17½ columns); also the verb DIE; the sb. DIE with its plural *dice*, and the derivatives of both; besides *dial*, *diamond* (cf. *adamant*), *diaper*, *diet* (two words), *dictionary*, *dicker* (a word of the skin-trade from the days of Tacitus to those of modern traders with the red-skins), *dew*, *dey* (two words); *de-witt* (an earlier parallel to *burke*, *lynch*, and *boycott*). There are also the oriental words in DI-, including some such as *dhow* and *dhurrie*, which have no claim to be so spelt, except that it makes them look more barbaric and outlandish. Many points of interest attach also to the sense-history of the words *device* and *devisé*, to the numerous senses of *dib*, *dick*, *dicky*, to *devotion* and its related words, *devotee*, &c., and to the old word *dever*, which under modern French influence is now refashioned as *devoir*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WESTERN BOUNDARY OF BRITISH GUIANA.

London: Dec. 21, 1895.

As the boundary dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana is, under one of its aspects, a matter of historical discussion, it may be worth while to call attention to the testimony supplied by Stedman's *Surinam* (1796).

Captain J. G. Stedman—the great-grandfather of the present writer—was an officer of the Scots Brigade in the pay of Holland, who volunteered to join a force employed against the revolted negroes of Dutch Guiana during the years 1772 to 1777. The two handsome quarto volumes in which he has described his experiences are well-known to book-lovers, not only because of the truthfulness and vivacity of his narrative, but also for the fine coloured plates, some of which are engraved by Bartolozzi and Blake.

At that time, it is hardly necessary to say, British Guiana did not exist, being included in the Dutch colony. And though Captain Stedman did not himself visit the western portion, now called Demerara, it is certain that

his knowledge of it and of its boundaries must have been derived from Dutch authorities.

He expressly states (vol. i., p. 34) that, along the seaboard, the western boundary is Cape Nassau. On his map—which, though crudely drawn, has the merit of being on a large scale, with the boundaries coloured—he marks Cape Nassau well to the eastward of the Pomeroon River. That the frontier was unsettled, even in his day, is clear from the fact that he draws two alternative lines on his map to separate the Dutch and Spanish possessions. The line starting from Cape Nassau is the further west of the two; and it is important to notice that both of them proceed in a S.S.W. direction, without regard to the watershed of the Essequibo.

The significance of what we have stated will be apparent to anyone who looks at a modern English map of British Guiana: such, for example, as that in Mr. C. P. Lucas's *Historical Geography of the British Colonies* (vol. ii.). There British Guiana is represented as extending westward along the sea as far as the mouth of the Orinoko—that is to say, more than 100 miles beyond the Pomeroon River; while there is a corresponding extension of the Hinterland southward.

At such a moment as this, it seems right to place on record any evidence, which seems to show that the claims of Venezuela are not altogether destitute of historical support, from a witness of the last century whose predisposition would naturally be on the other side.

JAS. S. COTTON.

A MISPLACED LETTER OF HORACE WALPOLE.

Dorsey Wood, Bucks: Nov. 21, 1895.

Letter No. 415 ("To George Montagu, Esq.") in vol. ii. of Peter Cunningham's edition of *Horace Walpole's Letters* (Bentley, 1891) appears to be misplaced. This letter is dated "Arlington-street, May 4, as they call it, but the weather and the almanack of my feelings affirm it to be December." The date of the year is not given in the original. Cunningham places it under 1755. There is, however, little doubt that it should be assigned to the following year. This will be apparent from the following considerations (the points being taken in the order in which they occur):

1. In letter 415 Walpole says to George Montagu, "I have chosen the marbles for your tomb." This probably refers to a tomb erected by George Montagu to his sister Harriet, who died in October, 1755. Walpole alludes to this in letter 464 (April 20, 1756), which should properly precede letter 415.

2. "Mr. Mann does not mend, but how should he in such weather?" This refers to the illness of Galfridus Mann, the brother of Sir Horace. In letter 463 (to Sir H. Mann, April 18, 1756), Walpole writes, "The weather has been so cold and wet that your brother has received very little benefit from it." The first mention of Galfridus Mann's illness occurs in letter 455 (to Sir H. Mann, January 25, 1756.)

3. "We wait with impatience for news from Minorca." This refers to the rumoured attack on Minorca by the French to which Walpole alludes in letter 464 (April 20, 1756): "The French are said to be sailed for Minorca." The French, in fact, invaded Minorca in the spring of 1756.

4. "Here is a Prince of Nassau Welbourg, &c." In an extract, however, from a letter of Mrs. George Grenville, dated April 20, 1756, and printed as a note on p. 10 of vol. iii., the Prince of Nassau is referred to as "a sovereign just arrived." In letter 467 (May 19, 1756) Walpole says: "Next week the Prince of Nassau is to breakfast at Strawberry Hill."

5. "George Selwyn t'other night, seeing Lady Euston, &c." In 1755 there was no Lady Euston. Augustus Henry, Earl of Euston (who succeeded his grandfather as Duke of Grafton in 1757), did not marry till January 29, 1756. This letter (No. 415), therefore, could not have been written in 1755, as Cunningham assumes. It seems pretty clear from the internal evidence that it belongs to the next year, and should be placed in vol. iii., between No. 464 (to George Montagu, April 20, 1756), and No. 465 (to the same, May 12, 1756).

HELEN TOYNBEE.

JOB AND JEREMIAH.

Nottingham: Nov. 23, 1895.

I suppose there are not a few Englishmen who, having no turn for Semitic philology, and but little acquaintance with either Hebrew, German, or Dutch, seek chiefly in English publications a guide to the meaning of the English Bible, to the composition and connexion of its parts, as well as to their literary, historical, and religious significance. The last word on Job has still to be said. In the meanwhile, the Cambridge University Press, which has so generously printed the Chisian Daniel face to face with the version of Theodotion, would add to our obligations by publishing the evidence—extant, I believe, in five MSS., but not generally accessible—for the pre-Hexaplar text of the Septuagint Job.

The Prophet Jeremiah is the most tragic figure in history: his utterances marked, and helped to make, the turning-point in the history of Israel; and the book which bears his name exhibits more clearly than any other the traces of that editorial process by which the writings of pre-exilic prophets were brought into their present form. But the English reader seeks in vain for adequate guidance with regard to the critical problems of this book. Did Jeremiah write the prophecies of the "Branch" and of the "New Covenant," or are they the utterances of a later and more hopeful spirit? The question is not unimportant for the history of religion. But, alas! the oracles talk German. In essays published in the *Jewish Quarterly Review* for January, 1894, and April of the present year, I tried my 'prentice hand upon this tangled puzzle, with an audacity which would, I think, have been fully justified if it had attracted abler writers to the urgent problem involved. But neither Canon Driver in the necessarily brief appendix to his valuable Introduction, nor Mr. Bennett in the "Expositor's Bible," much less, if it were possible, Dr. Stalker in the *Expositor*, or the Rev. G. Douglas, B.D., in an article on "The Four Periods of the Book of Jeremiah" (the *Thinker*, May, 1894), has made any serious effort to grapple with the questions which I raised. The mouse gnawed his hardest, and the lion snored louder than before.

Meanwhile, the results which have been reached abroad by Stade and Smend and Schwartz and Budde and Giesebrecht and Cornill, and the grounds upon which these results rest, remain, for the most part, inaccessible to the English reader. Even the "Rainbow Bible" throws uncoloured rays upon the austere beauties of unpointed Hebrew; though I hear that the English equivalent has actually been seen, where Montesquieu discovered the British Constitution, running wild in the forests of Germany. *Nulla salus extra Germaniam*.

But my object in writing to the ACADEMY about Jeremiah is chiefly to inquire of those interested in the exploration of Palestine, whether valuable results might not possibly be obtained by a careful examination of the rite of

Anathoth. The images of Anath, from which the place is said to have derived its name, cannot have outlasted the reformation of Josiah (Robertson Smith, *Rel. Sem.*, 2nd ed., p. 211). But here, as early as the reign of Solomon, was situated the estate and place of exile of the deposed high priest Abiathar (1 Kings ii. 26, 27). Comparing the passage just cited with that to which it refers, in 1 Sam. ii. 27-36, where it is predicted that the house of Eli should be reduced to poverty, and following a hint of Robertson Smith (*O.T.J.C.*, 2nd ed., p. 266), I have ventured to suggest that the estate of Abiathar passed to the rival line, of which Hilkiah was the representative in the days of Josiah; that the father of Jeremiah was no other than the high priest in question, and that to this circumstance was due the connection of Jeremiah with Anathoth—perhaps, I may add, the profound influence of the Book of Deuteronomy upon his teaching. And, further, that at a much later period (when, as I think Mr. Montefiore has said in his Hibbert Lectures, "priest and scribe were identical") the priests of Anathoth claimed to inherit from Jeremiah, and devised for this purpose the narrative in Jer. xxxii. 6-27, 36, 43, 44, with its pedantic legalism. (To ascribe it to the prophet is as if we were to attribute to Carlyle the utterances of Peter Peables.) And I think we may trace in other late passages of the book memorials of the literary activity of the same body. In another essay I have called attention to the probability that the prophetic oracles were at first recorded upon separate tablets, sometimes perhaps upon a diptych (Isa. viii. 1, 16, Hab. ii. 2), which in the case of the Decalogue we know consisted of durable material, and that the form of the Latin *caudex*, or collection of tablets, must almost necessarily have furnished an intermediate stage between the single or double tablet and the roll. If this be so, may we not hope to discover among the *débris* or the sepulchres of Judæan literary centres some vestiges of their former labours? Even the legend in 2 Macc. ii. is not without instruction for the explorer. The site of Anathoth is known. Is it possible that it may yield monuments of its ancient importance?

GREY HUBERT SKIPWITH.

P.S.—In connexion with Anathoth, it will be well to bear in mind the probable, although obscure, relation between the early traditions of the Essenes and the blessings promised to the persons to whom these traditions refer in certain (editorial) passages of the Book of Jeremiah. Is it possible that, as Methodism had its beginnings in Anglican Oxford, the Essenes traced their ultimate origin to the schools of Anathoth and Jabez?

"FAUST" TRANSLATIONS: A VERY SMALL POINT.

Liverpool.

"Christ ist entstanden!
Selig der Liebende
Der die betrübende,
Heilsam und übende
Prüfung bestanden."

These lines form the second "Angel Chorus" of the Easter hymn, which brings the first scene or section of "Faust" to a close. Except for the rhyming, one would be inclined to opine them not extra-difficult to render in English. Yet, if my reading of them is correct, the five best known of our translators—Anster, Blackie, Swanwick, Taylor, Martin, and to these I will add Mr. Coupland and the new anonymous "Beta"—have all of them failed to give their true sense.

Mr. Anster—the pioneer in Faust translation, I believe—shall speak first.

"The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer;
Temptation hath tried Him
But He was the stronger,
Happy, happy victory!
Love, submission, self-denial
Marked the strengthening agony,
Marked the purifying trial;
The grave is no prison:
The Lord hath arisen."

Next, Prof. Blackie:

"Christ is arisen!
Praised be His name!
Whose love shared with sinners
Their sorrow and shame;
Who bore the hard trial
Of self-denial,
And, victorious, ascends to the skies,
whence He came."

Miss Swanwick:

"Christ is arisen!
Perfect through earthly ruth,
Radiant with love and truth,
He to eternal youth
Soars from earth's prison."

Mr. Bayard Taylor:

"Christ is ascended!
Bliss hath invested Him,
Woes that molested Him,
Trials that tested Him,
Gloriously ended!"

Sir T. Martin:

"Christ is ascended!
The love that possessed Him,
The pangs that oppressed Him,
To prove and to test Him,
In triumph have ended!"

Mr. Coupland [*The Spirit of Goethe's 'Faust'*], with the world before him, quotes Bayard Taylor's version, and so appears to stamp it with his approval.

"Beta"—another eclectic, *prenant son bien où il le trouve* among his predecessors, and unhampered by the necessity of rhyming, writes *getrost*:

"Christ is risen! Happy the Loving One, who has stood the afflicting, wholesome and testing trial!"

What a consensus! And I am going to declare with Tennyson's "Sailor Boy," that—

"They are all to blame; they are all to blame!"

In the German, Christ is the subject of the first line only. *Der Liebende* is the friend, disciple, adherent, lover ["Romans, countrymen, and lovers!"], who had been subjected to the grievous, but wholesome, discipline of seeing his Friend and Master vanish and the promise seem to fail. The words *heilsam und übende*—so right and suitable when applied to the possibly weak-kneed believer, so utterly inapplicable to Christ—should have suggested to the translators that the latter could not be the subject of the four last lines. And then the exact parallelism of the First Angel Chorus:

"Christ ist entstanden!
Freude dem Sterblichen," &c.,

the adjective used substantively and followed by three qualifying words, with the sense completed only in the last line—these things should have drawn attention to the content, even though the form might have to be altered in the passage into another language. Had the original tongue been Greek instead of German, half a century of translators would not have been allowed to follow each other like a flock of sheep, each jumping from the ground as he passes a given spot.

R. McINTOCK.

UPON A SENTENCE IN MILTON'S PROSE.

There is a sentence in Milton's prose which is more or less familiar to all students; yet I do not know whether anyone has yet noted that it is not prose at all, but a fully orchestrated passage of blank verse. It is so very famous that it only needs to be given here in a metrical form, supplying the particle "to" before one of the verbs to give the rhythm complete articulation:

"But when God

Commands to take the trumpet and [to] blow
A dolourous or a jarring blast, it lies
Not in man's will what he shall say nor what
He shall conceal."

Had this been written after *Paradise Lost* it would be a curious accident of technique. Written years before, it is the more marvellous, for in cadence and feeling—in the use of the pedals as one might say—it seems an anticipation of the manner of *Paradise Lost*, and is certainly not an echo of *Comus*. Needless to say, this sentence occurs in the well-known Preface to the second book of *The Reason of Church Government*.

A. C. HILLIER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 30, 4 p.m. London Institution: "Three Great Chemists and their Work," II., by Prof. Vivian Lewes.
TUESDAY, Dec. 31, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Sound, Hearing, and Speech," II., by Prof. J. G. McKendrick.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Earthquakes, Earth-Movements, and Volcanoes," I., by Prof. J. Milne.
THURSDAY, Jan. 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Sound, Hearing, and Speech," III., by Prof. J. G. McKendrick.
4 p.m. London Institution: "Three Great Chemists and their Work," III., by Prof. Vivian Lewes.
FRIDAY, Jan. 3, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Lake-Basins of Lake-Land," by Mr. J. E. Marr.
SATURDAY, Jan. 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Sound, Hearing, and Speech," IV., by Prof. J. G. McKendrick.
8 p.m. Jewish Historical: Address by the President, Mr. Lucien Wolf.

SCIENCE.

Ueber das Georgische. Von Hugo Schuchardt.

Ueber den Passiven Charakter des Transits in den Kaukasischen Sprachen. Von Hugo Schuchardt. (Sitzungsberichte der Kais. Academie der Wissenschaften in Wien.)

THE Georgian language has been so little studied in the West that we are glad to see so eminent a philologist as Prof. Hugo Schuchardt, of Graz, taking it in hand. Brosset's Grammar, although possessing real merit, is now out of date; and the publications of Prof. Tsagareli, of the University of St. Petersburg, being in Russian, will unfortunately be inaccessible to many.

In his pamphlet, *Ueber das Georgische*, Prof. Schuchardt surveys the whole field, comments on the labours of his predecessors, and makes many incisive remarks on Georgian phonetics, and that great crux of the Georgian student—the verb, which reminds one so much of Basque. The professor does not think that we have data enough to connect Georgian with the language of the Vannic inscriptions.

In his second work, *Ueber den Passiven Charakter des Transits in den Kaukasischen Sprachen*, published in the Transactions of the Viennese Academy, the professor makes a careful analysis of the Georgian verb, which he compares with that of other languages spoken in that wonderful *seminarium linguarum*, the Caucasus. Thus "I have loved him" becomes in Georgian "He is beloved by me" (*miqwarebia*), the pronouns being incorporated with the verb. As Prof. Schuchardt puts it clearly, in the Caucasian languages in some of the verbs our object appears as a subject, and our subject is not regarded as the moving cause, but as the aim to which the action is directed. Thus "I see him" does not take the form of "he is seen by me," but of "he becomes visible to me." These last two expressions are

easily interchanged, and the actor and the object of his action, which are so wide apart, become mixed up. These characteristics the professor illustrates through a variety of tenses; and by his complete knowledge of the latest literature on the subject, such as the *Sborniki*, published in Russian by the Caucasian Society, he exhibits the principle in the case of many of the Caucasian languages, some of them outside of the Karthulian group—i.e., that which contains Suani, Georgian, Mingrelian, and Lazian. We can confidently assert that the work of Prof. Schuchardt contains the most searching analysis to which the Georgian verb has yet been subjected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE MARTYROLOGY OF GORMAN."

London: Dec. 17, 1895.

May I request the possessors of the edition of the *Martyrology of Gorman*, recently issued by the Henry Bradshaw Society, to make the following corrections and additions in and to their respective copies?

- P. xviii., note, l. 3, for 14 read 4.
xxiii., l. 16, for coimide read comide.
xxvii., l. 14, for unlaut read infectio.
xxxiii., col. 2, ll. 9, 10, read Lucella, Co-lumba.
xxxv., l. 11, read apos-tol; l. 12, read apo-stol.
xxxvi., ll. 5, 6, 7, the f in *fodlach, farrad*, and *feagam* should be dotted.
xxxvii., l. 27, for periphonic or unlauted read infected. Note 4, read *ciddgil*.
xl., l. 32, for unlauting read infecting.
xlii., l. 3 from bottom, for 16 read 6.
xlii., note 7, for 22 read 29.
li., l. 20, for culmid read cuindmid.
5, note 1, for 1071 read 1171.
7, l. 7, for Paragoda read Paracodes.
19, penultimate line, dele (*Navan*).
32, l. 12, for mac read maic.
73, note, for Apri read April.
89, l. 15, for Uinche read Fhuinche.
103, l. 10, for Cael read Coel.
106, l. 17, dele the hyphen.
137, l. 13, for feeble Phocas would succour read Phocas would succour the feeble.
159, l. 9, for Tranquillus (?) read Transilla.
177, l. 14, for hollet read holy.
179, l. 9, after Laigis insert of O'Moore.
183, l. 10, read Adamán, Iona's high abbot.
225, l. 12, for Clannán read Ciannán.
266, ll. 28-31, read cuindmid, gl. hospitalis, February 3, seems the *nomen actionis* to cuindmid.
275, l. 2, for o read p. Dele ll. 12, 13.
277, l. 35, add: In the Irish Marco Polo *grib* means "gerfalcon."
293, dele l. 5 from bottom.
300, l. 22, the Cell muine mentioned in November 12, gl. 2, is in Ireland, in Mag Liff (see *Lebar Brece*, p. 226, l. 23).
301, l. 5, for 208 read 202. L. 10 should be Cell uinche, leg. Cell Fhuinche "Fuinche's church," in Fid Consill, co. Louth. L. 33, for 31 read 30.
301, l. 3 from bottom, Cluain Ái is now Clonee, in the barony and parish of Dunboyne, co. Meath.
306, l. 34, for Jan. 19 read June 19.
310, l. 29, for glen. read gen.
365, l. 5 from bottom, for when read where.
366, between ll. 43 and 44 insert Fuinche, May 2, gl. 1.
399, l. 38, dele Octave of, Dec. 29.
"between ll. 39 and 40 insert —mart. and archbp. of Canterbury, Dec. 29.

WHITLEY STOKES.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Pitt Press will publish immediately, as the first volume of the "Cambridge Geographical Series," under the general editorship of Dr. F. H. H. Guillemaud, a comprehensive monograph on *Ethnology*. It is written by Prof. A. H. Keane, who here sums up the

labour of a lifetime that has been devoted to this study in all its many aspects. Possessing a full knowledge of what has been written, both on the continent and in America; himself a master of many languages, European and Oriental, and also a trained philologist, he here attempts, for the first time in English, a synthesis of all the facts—archaeological, ethnical, and linguistic—from the standpoint of a convinced believer in evolution. It is in the light of this doctrine that he boldly undertakes to supply a solution of the vexed problems connected with the subject: such as the place of the Hominidae in the animal kingdom, the antiquity of man, the origin of speech, the diversity of races, the relation of race to language, and the cradle-land of the Aryans. On all these questions he speaks with no uncertain sound, while he also touches upon many subordinate topics that are of special interest to anthropologists. The book, which consists of about 470 pages in all, is divided into two parts. The first, beginning with a definition of the technical terms employed, states and discusses those fundamental problems which affect the human family taken as a whole; the second treats of the more general questions relating to the main groups or races of mankind. Though the author does not here attempt a final classification—which he hopes to do on some later occasion—he practically indicates his views by admitting only four main divisions: Homo Aethiopicus (including the aborigines of Oceania and Australia), H. Mongolicus, H. Americanus (strictly a variety of the preceding, for America was peopled from the Eastern hemisphere during the stone ages), and H. Caucasius (including Hamites and Semites, Berbers and Basques, Todas and Ainus).

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—
(Monday, Dec. 16.)

F. J. C. PENROSE, Esq., president, in the chair.—Among those present were Sir Henry Bulwer, Mr. Alma Tadema, Prof. Aitchison, Mr. Edward Falkener, and Mr. R. P. Spiers.—Dr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter read a paper on "Graeco-Phoenician Architecture in Cyprus, with special reference to the Origin and Development of the Ionic Volute." The lecturer first gave a description of the three royal tombs discovered by him at Tamassos, in Cyprus. These sepulchres of a Graeco-Phoenician type of architecture were, he maintained, of the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. A feature of peculiar interest in these subterranean stone buildings was the direct imitation in stone of constructions of wood, and this in a perfection which had never before been met with in remains of ancient monuments. Wooden columns, windows, locks, bolts, roofs, were all reproduced in stone. He had found their counterparts surviving in modern buildings of Cypriot villages. Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter then proceeded to give reasons for his conclusion that the Ionic volute derived from the Egyptian lotus-flower design, and that the same origin was traceable in regard to the Greek palmette and anthemion. The theory which would ascribe the origin of the Ionic volute to the Assyrian sacred palm tree could no longer be maintained. A small clay model of a sanctuary—evidently a votive offering—discovered at Idalion, in Cyprus, some time ago, showed again the two lotus capitals on the columns supporting the porch. Some Hathor capitals discovered in Cyprus demonstrated the fact that Cyprian artists during the Graeco-Phoenician period combined Egyptian, Assyrian, and Greek elements. On one of the columns was sculptured a design of a complicated lotus-tree with winged sphinxes. Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter next referred to Herr Koldewey, a German architect, who had put forward a new theory, in his book *Neandria*, distinguishing between three classes of archaic capitals with curved volutes—the first, with crossed lines, the Cyprian; the second with vertical volutes, called Aeolian; and the third with horizontal volutes, called Ionic. Those three he

considered to be branches all growing out of the same trunk, which was of old Cappadocian origin and which he declared to be the prototype. Herr Koldewey denied any connexion of the Ionic capital with Egypt or with the Egyptian lotus-flower. Herr Fuchstein, in his book on the Ionic capital, appeared to be of the same way of thinking. The Cappadocian columns of a baldachino from a rock relief which had been put in evidence by the above-mentioned authors were extremely simple. The whole volute merely consisted of two spirals connected by a canal and bent downward. In the upper line of the canal of this Cappadocian capital, Koldewey saw the horizontal tendency of the Ionic volute to be latent. The two spirals touched the vertical line of the shaft of the column, and in this fact Koldewey saw the vertical tendency of the Ionic volute in the same Cappadocian capital. Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter, however, had found, during the excavations which he had carried out for the German Emperor, a small votive column even more regular and more simple than the Cappadocian column. The canal above was horizontal and was covered already by an abacus. The spirals also touched the shaft with their inner and lower parts in a more finished and regular form than in the Cappadocian example. He maintained that the columns from Cappadocia, Cyprus, the oldest archaic Ionic volutes from Olympia and other places were simplifications of much more complicated Graeco-Phoenician volutes, which on their part derived from the Egyptian lotus. A reference to the architectural details of one of the three Royal tombs of Tamassos showed how a complicated lotus-design was changed into a more simple form, and thus prepared the way for the formation of the Hellenic Ionic volute. From an interesting series of Graeco-Phoenician Cyprian capitals, with palmettes over the volutes, to which Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter referred, he showed that the three types of capitals classified by Koldewey actually occurred in Cyprus. The Ionic volute, with its beautifully ornamented cyma in, which belonged to the archaic temple of Diana at Ephesus, and which had been lately pieced together by Dr. A. S. Murray from fragments in the British Museum, he fully admitted to be the oldest existing example of a pure Hellenic Greek volute. He referred to Dr. Murray's paper, lately read before the Royal Institute of British Architects, showing the great importance of the Ephesian capital preserved at the British Museum, especially since its no less valuable twin-brother, the well-known Samian capital, had disappeared. As a last illustration Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter exhibited a photograph of an Ionic Greek capital now in the Cyprus museum at Nicosia, which was discovered at Larnaca in 1879. In this case there was no ornamental cymation properly speaking. The sole decoration below the lower margin of the canal and the spiral consisted of two palmettes or lotus-flowers growing out of corners. The upper and lower margins of the canal were not straight, but considerably concave, and both lines ran parallel to each other. The proportions of the capital were very harmonious and Greek, but it was difficult to date it. The concavity of the lines of the canal seemed to point to a later date than the archaic Ephesian volute of the Artemesium.

ARISTOTELIAN.—(Monday, Dec. 16.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Miss L. T. Prideaux was elected a member.—A paper was read by Mr. C. C. J. Webb on "Anselm's Ontological Argument for the Existence of God." A summary was first given of the argument as stated by Anselm in his *Prologion*, of the contemporary criticism upon it contained in Gaunilo's *Liber pro insipiente*, and of Anselm's rejoinder thereto. Anselm had argued that *quo majus cogitari nequit* could not be, as it admittedly was, in intellectu without being also in re. Gaunilo had denied the validity of the inference, and instanced a perfect island as something which might be thought and yet not be real. Anselm replied that his argument referred solely to that *quo majus cogitari nequit*, and was inapplicable to any other subject; only in the case of a conception involving eternal reality is there a contradiction in thinking it to be unreal. The history of the argument after Anselm was then traced through the Schoolmen, few of whom

accepted it, the most celebrated of all, St. Thomas Aquinas, rejecting it decidedly, so that he was generally thought (like Kant at a later date) to have disposed of it for ever. The revival of the argument by Descartes was then considered; and it was shown that, in the form which he gave to it, is revealed more clearly than before at once its true character as the supreme expression of thought's confidence in itself, and its inadequacy, taken alone, to bring us to the intellectual vision of the Christian God. The history was then pursued to the period between Descartes and Kant, attention being particularly drawn to Leibnitz's correction of the argument, by which there is supplied an express reference to the necessity of granting the "possibility" or absence of contradiction in the notion, before arguing from the notion to the reality of its object; this correction—which had been anticipated by several medieval critics—being incorporated in the argument as it appears in Wolf, from whose school Kant proceeded. The Kantian attack on the argument was then dwelt upon; and it was shown that, while the popularity of his attack was to a great extent due to the example of the hundred dollars, its true importance lay elsewhere—namely, in the critical question raised as to the relation of thought to reality. Kant, it was pointed out, fully recognised the importance of the ontological argument, by bringing the whole force of his assault to bear upon it as being the very heart of the Rational Theology, and presupposed by both the other proofs of the existence of God—the teleological and the cosmological. It was shown that in the idealistic development of the Kantian philosophy, with the cashing of the "Thing-in-itself," and the restoration to thought of its confidence in itself, there necessarily went a rehabilitation of the ontological argument. As so rehabilitated, however, it seemed to be stripped of its religious character, and to lead only to an Absolute, which is by no means the God of religion. It was, however, suggested that, unless the Supreme Intelligible or Noumenon of Plato was to pass over into the Supreme Unintelligible, or Noumenon of Kant, and Idealism thus to commit suicide, the Absolute must receive, as from Anselm in the *Monologium*, an ethical interpretation: the Greatest must also be the Best.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

FINE ART.

MEDIEVAL ICONOGRAPHY FROM THE PSALMS.

Der Albani-Psalter in Hildesheim. By Adolph Goldschmidt. (Berlin: Siemens.)

THE architecture of Western Europe, from Sweden to Sicily, from England to Dalmatia, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, has characteristic features—everywhere broadly the same—which entitle it to the common name of Romanesque, whatever peculiarities may distinguish the local varieties of the style—Rhenish or Lombard, Arvernian, Burgundian, or Norman. One of these is the habit, censured for its extravagance by St. Bernard, of decorating the portals and façades of churches, and the capitals of their columns, with grotesque beasts or monsters—lions, dragons, centaurs, birds, or swine. Few, probably, of the travellers who are attracted by this profusion of curious carving take the pains to reflect that every detail had its meaning for the medieval designer, and that the symbolical significance may even have ranked before the aesthetic effect of the ornament. The modern visitor may be capable of recognising the Four Evangelists, or the demons of the Last Judgment; but he usually dismisses less familiar subjects with an epithet, "grotesque" or "quaint," wonders idly, and passes on.

The more inquisitive antiquary, who has

patience enough to read the riddle of the stones, will find it well worth his while to enter, as the author of the present work has entered, into the tortuous recesses of the medieval mind; and to see what art meant to the monks who used it for the edification of their brethren, and of such laymen as had skill enough in *studia contemplativa* to read the spiritual lesson in the material shape.

The book is primarily an account of a certain Psalter belonging to the Church of St. Godehard, at Hildesheim, written in the twelfth century for the Benedictine monastery of St. Albans in England, and formerly in the possession of the monastery of Lamspringe, near Goslar, which was occupied in 1643 by a colony of English Benedictines. An ingenious argument, based upon additions by various hands to the Calendar which precedes the Psalter, leads to the conclusion that the bulk of the MS. was written by a certain hermit, Roger, in *contemplativa egregia*, of whom we have an account in the *Lives of the Abbots of St. Albans* by Matthew Paris. The illustrations and initial letters, of which several are reproduced, seem to be more remarkable for allegorical ingenuity than for artistic merit. The majority of the full-page illustrations, a series of forty, are by the writer of a legend of St. Alexis, contained in the same volume as the Psalter. The latter was adorned by Roger with a set of initials of great symbolical interest, and with two pictures, representing David among his musicians and the martyrdom of St. Alban. The first initial is accompanied by a drawing of two mounted warriors in active combat, with a long Latin explanation of the thought which they are intended to suggest. This is important as a key to the whole scheme of the Psalter. The drawing represents by a material type the spiritual conflicts of good and evil, to be applied by the Christian warrior to the war which he wages, with Christ as his ally, against the powers of evil, and to the war which the Church will one day wage against Antichrist. Every detail is to be taken, first "corporaliter," then "spiritualiter." Accordingly, from every psalm some verse or combination of verses is selected, and the image contained in it is set down with a literalness which one would call naïve were it not for the far-reaching second meaning which lies behind it. One of the most remarkable of the initials is the "S" of "Salvum me fac" (Ps. lxxviii. 2), in which Christ is pulling up by the hair of his head a man immersed to his middle in a stream abounding in fish, which curls up, in defiance of the laws of nature, and "enters into his soul" by way of his mouth. "Super flumina Babylonis" introduces the same motive of an S-shaped river, lined on both banks by disconsolate Israelites. "Quemadmodum desiderat cervus" suggested to the monk of St. Albans an image which is very remote from modern thought. Why should the hart pant for cooling streams? One naturally replies: Because he is "heated in the chase," and consequently thirsty. That is too simple an explanation for the medieval scribe. His *Bestiary* tells him that the stag has a natural antipathy to serpents, and that

when he sees a snake he swallows it; after this, he must drive out the poison by a draught of spring water. Accordingly the hart in our picture is swallowing a serpent, and becomes one of the many types of the victory of good over evil.

Now, what have these initials to do with Romanesque sculpture? Not a little; for the subject which they illustrate, and the thought which unites them, that of a spiritual conflict, are the subject and the thought which may often be deciphered by their aid among the monstrous beasts and birds of the contemporary churches. By the help of the initials in this Psalter, and of others like it, the author is enabled to refer to particular passages in the Psalms, chosen for the sake of their symbolical meaning, a number of the principal subjects which occur in the grotesque sculpture of the twelfth century in many countries. The chief of these are abundantly illustrated with references to places where they occur. (The index to these, it should be mentioned, though useful, is not quite complete.) They are the following: Christ treading on the lion and dragon, a man riding on an asp, archers, birds, lions, the boar rooting up the vine, a man as the prey of wild beasts. The lion is variously used as a type of good or evil power and vigilance, and needs to be interpreted by its surroundings. The archers are sometimes particularised as Saracens, more often as centaurs (in allusion to Is. xxxiv. 14, "et occurrent daemonia onocentauris"), shooting at Christ, or at a stag or bird, emblems of the soul. Another emblem of frequent occurrence is a naked man climbing among foliage, with a flower in his hand, towards Christ, who sits above in the branches of a tree. This illustrates the words, "et floruit caro mea" (Ps. xxvii. 7). Among works of plastic art which contain a series of these emblems, four capitals in the cathedral at Basle are specially remarkable. They form a series representing the Fall and the Atonement, through images taken from mythology, from the Bible, and from fantastic combats of men and beasts. Here the first subject is Alexander in a car drawn by griffins, typifying the presumptuous curiosity which led to man's first disobedience. In the same series the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe is introduced as a type of the love and sacrifice of Christ.

The porch of the Church of St. James at Ratisbon is selected as a typical specimen of the sculpture which may be fully interpreted by the Psalter. "Deliver us from evil" might be taken as the text of the whole design; but every detail of the façade (very clearly shown in one of the plates in this volume) can be directly referred to a verse of the Psalms, mentioning one of the dangers to which the body and soul of man are liable, or one of the emblems of the Redeemer's love. Here and elsewhere, it is interesting to observe, the hymn used in the office for the dedication of the church has been found to throw light on the subjects represented.

The book contains much interesting matter, to which we have not space to allude. The Introduction, however, is too important to be passed over in silence. It

contains a classification of medieval psalters by a principle which, the author states, has not hitherto been recognised, according to the position in which the main divisions of the Psalms occur. This, he says, is of the utmost importance as a clue to origin and date. There are four main classes. The first, occurring chiefly in Italy and France, where the Roman use prevailed, follows the division into eight parts corresponding to the beginning of the Matins for the seven days of the week, and of the Sunday Vespers. The second, belonging to Ireland and to the countries influenced by Irish missionaries—England, Scotland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland—divides the Psalms into three groups of fifty each, and each fifty into groups of ten. The third is the Byzantine division, into twenty groups, with an important break after Psalm lxxvi., the last of the tenth group. The fourth is the Hebrew division into five books. The position of the chief initial letters, or of full-page illustrations, in the illuminated psalters, closely follows whatever division of the Psalms has been adopted; and combinations of various principles of division, especially of the first two, often bear valuable witness to the circumstances under which the MS. was written.

This monograph, the outcome evidently of much industry and research, is a valuable contribution to iconography. At the same time, it is no more than a specimen and a stimulating example of what may be done in a region very little explored as yet, by the aid of a clear, guiding thought, and patient interrogation of symbols which we must not take to be dumb because we ourselves are deaf.

CAMPBELL DODGSON.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

COLONEL PLUNKETT, secretary of the College of Science, Stephen's-green, has been appointed director-in-general of the Science and Art Department of Ireland, including the National Museum, the College of Science, and the Botanical Gardens. The appointment also includes the control over the National Library, which has hitherto been administered by trustees appointed by Act of Parliament.

A large bronze medal, struck by order of the Corporation in commemoration of the opening of the Tower Bridge, has just been issued to members of the Common Council. On the obverse are medallion portraits of her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, while on the reverse is a view of the bridge with the bascules open and a vessel passing through; above is the ancient mark of the Bridge House Estates, with the words "Tower Bridge, opened 30th June, 1894, on behalf of her Majesty the Queen by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." In the distance beyond the bridge are seen the dome of St. Paul's, the Monument, the Tower of London, and shipping in the river.

PROF. SALINAS has acquired for the Palermo Museum, of which he is director, a large leaden seal of the famous Euphemius, who revolted against the Eastern Empire, but being unable to maintain his independence in Sicily by his own resources, finally called in the Arabs to support him. On this seal he assumes the style of King of the Romans, like the legitimate emperors.

SIR SEYMOUR FRANCIS HADEN has published in pamphlet form (Macmillans) the lecture which he delivered last April in the gallery of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers—with lantern illustrations—on "The Etched Work of Rembrandt: True and False." He re-states, in his own forcible manner, the views he has long maintained as to the necessity of arranging the prints attributed to Rembrandt in strict chronological order, so as to distinguish those which were only executed in his school. He enumerates no less than six groups of "pseudo-Rembrandts," all belonging to the early years of his career, in none of which will he admit that Rembrandt had any important part, though some may have been touched by his hand, and others are after his designs. In brief, he argues that they were all engraved by copyists for commercial profit, in which the master did not disdain to participate. Finally, he announces that Mr. Sidney Colvin has undertaken to hang, in the great chamber attached to the print room of the British Museum, a complete exhibition of the etched work of Rembrandt, arranged on the principle of showing the true in actual juxtaposition with the false.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

FROM Messrs. Augener & Co. we have received:

Pensées Fugitives: (1) En Valsant; (2) In Memoriam; (3) Mélodie intime. Par Percy Pitt. These three short pianoforte pieces are fairly original, though at times the composer shows too plainly that he is trying to avoid the commonplace; his rhythms and harmonies, however, are often interesting. The *In Memoriam*, to which is appended the date January 25, 1895, has breadth and dignity; the coda is effective.

Alla Chitarra, Esquisse Espagnole, by Anton Strelezki, is an extremely light and graceful piece.

Le Tambourin, Pièce Caractéristique, by F. Kirchner, is bright and showy, yet not difficult: it is written somewhat in the style of Stephen Heller.

Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony* (Op. 56), excellently arranged in pianoforte duet form by Mr. Max Pauer, will be welcome; for by common consent that work ranks as one of the composer's best. Mr. Pauer has also arranged for two pianofortes, eight hands, Nicolai's bright Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Book 53 of *Cecilia*, a collection of pieces in diverse styles, edited by W. T. Best, contains an Air with clever and effective variations by E. Townshend Driffild; a light, characteristic Capriccio, "La Caccia," by Polibio Fumagalli, with the formidable opus number 257; and a solidly written Prelude on a Choral by J. L. Krebs. Mr. Best has also edited Bach's great Choral Prelude, "Wir glauben all' an einen Gott, Schöpfer," for organ.

From Mr. E. Ashdown:

Intermezzo, Ma Mignonne and *Mazurek-Fantaisie*, and *Vecchio Menuetto*. By Anton Strelezki. These three pianoforte pieces are of light character, yet in structure, harmonisation, and especially in the writing for the instrument, they display skill: they are showy, but not vulgar. The Mazurek bears traces of Chopin; in this particular form it is well-nigh impossible to escape altogether from the influence of the Polish composer.

Spring, a pianoforte duet by Charles Salaman, is light, graceful, and particularly fresh, coming from a composer born before Verdi.

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